

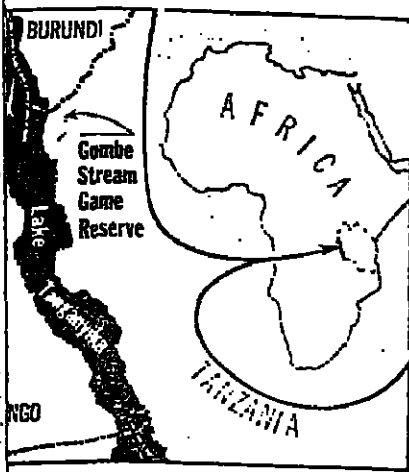
SEPTEMBER 5 1971

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quelle consommation...
CHARTREUSE

The Illustrated
LONDON
NEWS

Louis Heren on
J. Edgar Hoover.
September issue. 25p.



JANE GOODALL'S ten years' intimate observation of chimpanzees in the wild started at the prompting of Dr Louis Leakey (the discoverer of "Nutcracker Man" in the Olduvai Gorge in Kenya). Fascination with animals from childhood had taken her to Africa, and it was after she had worked as a digger for Leakey that he first talked to her about the chimpanzees living on the shores of Lake Tanganyika.

The chimpanzee is found only in Africa, where it ranges from the west coast, across the equatorial forest belt, to a point just east of the Lake. Here, in the remote, mountainous and rugged Gombe National Park of Tanzania live

the Eastern, or Long-haired, chimpanzees. Leakey was particularly interested in the behaviour of a group of chimpanzees living on the shores of a lake: as the remains of prehistoric man were often found on a lake shore, it was possible that an understanding of chimpanzee behaviour today might shed light on the behaviour of our stone-age ancestors.

Jane Goodall had found her life's work. And on arrival at Gombe she found too "the sort of African forest of which I had always dreamed... giant buttressed trees festooned with lianas and, here and there, brilliant red or white flowers that gleamed through

the dark foliage." There were fast-flowing shallow streams, above which flashed kingfishers and other forest birds; and 100ft overhead, the forest canopy shut out most of the sunlight.

For months, as she learned to find her way through seemingly impenetrable jungle and became familiar with the Gombe's valleys and mountains, she saw little of the chimps, for usually her approach was the signal for their hasty and alarmed retreat. Then one day she came upon an open peak about a thousand feet above the Lake, with a superb view over a valley. It became the Peak, "the very best vantage point for watching chimpanzees in the whole

of the Gombe Stream sanctuary." From it she was able to observe the chimpanzees and just as importantly they were able to see her. From having to be content with watching through binoculars at hundreds of yards' distance, she was able gradually to creep closer, until they would calmly sit only a few feet away.

Chimpanzees wander in search of food, and it was the fruiting of palm trees that first brought a stray chimp—one whom she knew as David Greybeard—into her camp site by the Gombe Stream. After this bananas were left out for any more who chanced by—and in time the chimps

came to accept her camp as a place where ripe food was to be found. Jane Goodall was able to begin in earnest her important study: regular observation of behaviour among the same known individuals.

Meanwhile Hugo van Lawick had joined her as her expedition official photographer—they were in fact to marry early in 1964—and over the years more members were recruited to the team. By the end of the Sixties her camp had become the Gombe Stream Research Centre, of which she was the Scientific Director, with ten or more students studying different aspects of chimpanzee behaviour.

the Shadow of Man: Jane Goodall begins her engrossing story of family life among the chimpanzees—the first full, detailed study in the wild of a life-style that may hold important lessons for human society

FLO AND HER CHILDREN

APPEAL, THAT STRANGE way, that radiation of a certain noble IT, is a phenomenon by inexplicable and just as among chimpanzees as men. Old Flo, incredibly ugly human standards, undoubtedly more than her fair share of it.

one time I thought it was because she was an old, therefore experienced, female the males got so excited when became sexually attractive. I know better, for there are old females who are almost dead at such times, and some ones who are courted as ardently as Flo.

ve names to the chimpanzees as I was sure of knowing if I saw them again. Some sists feel that animals should be named by numbers—that to them is anthropomorphic—have always been interested differences between individuals and a name is not only more than a number but also easier to remember.

gent Flo, with her deformed, nose and ragged ears, was to recognise. Her youngest when we first met was a four-year-old Fifi, who still rode here on her mother's back; of her son, Figan, aged six, was to be seen wandering with them.

when Fifi was about three years old she still followed her mother for a few every two or three hours,umped occasionally on to Jack, particularly if she was startled. She also still had her mother's nest at night. Some young males of this fairly independent of their s, but Figan spent most of his travelling about with Flo Faben, Flo's eldest known

son, was seldom seen with his family that year: he was then an adolescent of about eleven years.

Flo often travelled with another old mother, Olly. Olly's long shaped face was also distinctive: the fluff of hair on the back of her head—though no other feature—reminded me of my aunt, Olwen. Olly was also accompanied by two children, a daughter (Gilkka) younger than Fifi, and an adolescent son, about a year older than Figan.

Flo really did look very old. She appeared frail, with but little flesh on her bones, and thinning hair that was brown rather than black. When she yawned we saw that her teeth were worn right down to the gums. But we soon found that her character by no means matched her appearance: she was aggressive, tough as nails, and easily the most dominant of all the females at that time.

For the most part she was relaxed in her relations with the adult males; often I saw her grooming in a close group with two or three males out in the forests, and in our camp she showed no hesitation in joining two we called David Greybeard and Goliath (who was at that time the dominant member of the loose community of chimps that we knew) to beg for a share of the bananas we provided.

Olly, on the other hand, was tense and nervous in her relationships. She was particularly apprehensive when in close proximity to adult males, and her hoarse, frenzied pant-grunts rose to near hysteria if high-ranking Goliath approached her. She had a large pendulous swelling in the front of her neck which looked exactly like a goitre. It may, in fact, have been one, for they are not uncommon amongst African women in the area; and if so it might account for much of her nervous behaviour.

When a female chimpanzee comes into heat—or into oestrus as a scientist would say—the sex skin of her genital area becomes swollen. This swelling usually persists for about ten days and, normally, it occurs at a point mid-way between menstrual periods which, in the female chimp, occur about every thirty-five days. It is during her period of swelling that a female—whom I then refer to, frivolously, as a "pink lady"—is courted and mated by the males.

In July, 1963, however, Flo began a remarkably extended "pink" phase, which lasted an additional three weeks; and during this time she was mated by all the adult males—Goliath and David and the others: old Mr McGregor, Mike and JB, Huxley, Leakey, Hugh, Rodolf, and Humphrey.

I WAS IN LONDON, PREPARING for my marriage to Hugo van Lawick, when letters came telling us that Flo had borne a son. We could not change our wedding plans, but we cut our honeymoon to only three days in order to get back as quickly as possible.

When we finally made it back to the chimps, Flo's new infant, whom we subsequently called Flint, was already seven weeks old. But he was still incredibly tiny, still quite hairless on the pink underside of his tummy and chest.

I can still recall, for a moment, the thrill of that first moment when Flo came close to us with Flint clinging beneath her.

As his mother sat, Flint looked round towards us. His small, pale, wrinkled face was perfect, with brilliant dark eyes, round shell-pink ears and slightly lopsided mouth—all framed by a cap of sleek black hair. He stretched out one arm and flexed the minute pink fingers, then gripped Flo's hair again and turned to nuzzle and nuzzle with his mouth until he

Flo helped him, hitching him a few inches higher and into a better position for suckling. He fed for about three minutes and then seemed to sleep. When Flo moved away she carefully supported him, holding one hand under his back.

On February 28, 1964, we learned, Flo had been in camp, still very pregnant: the following day she had appeared with the tiny infant. She had been accompanied, as usual, by Fifi and Figan: both had sat and stared at the baby, and Fifi had spent a lot of time grooming her mother. Subsequently Figan had seemed less interested in his new sibling, whilst Fifi had become increasingly fascinated.

It was to be an exciting year for us, in which we were able to record, on paper and on film, the week-by-week development of a wild chimpanzee infant. Flo and her family had been well known to us before: now they became an integral part of our lives. We learnt a great deal about their behaviour by objective recording of facts, but we also became increasingly aware of them as individual beings: intuitively we "knew" things about them which, as yet, we could not begin to define in scientific terms. We began, though indeed "through a glass darkly," to understand what a chimpanzee really is.

Our only disappointment that year was the fact that we missed the first few weeks of Flint's life, but the birth of a baby to Melissa, a younger female, almost made up for that.

The heat of the day was over, and the sun low in the sky, when we first saw the tiny infant. As Melissa came down the slope towards our camp she moved on three limbs, supporting the newborn with one hand. Every so often she stopped and seemed to disentangle something from the undergrowth: when she got closer we saw that this was the placenta, still attached to the baby by the umbilical cord.

Melissa came right up to us, quite unafraid for her infant. She seemed dazed, her eyes not quite focused, her movements slow and uncertain. She sat down, the baby cuddled between her thighs, her



The first known "three-generations" portrait of wild chimpanzees: old Flo, left, with her daughter Fifi (born about 1959) cradling her son, Flint, aged two months. The onlooker (right) is "Uncle" Flint—Flo's third son, born 1964. Photograph by Jane Goodall

feet crossed under his tiny rump, her arm behind his head. For some while we could not see the infant at all and then as she finished her few bananas, she removed her encircling arm.

The baby's head fell back on to her knees, and Melissa, looking down, stared and stared at the tiny face. Never had we imagined such a funny twisted-up little face. It was comical in its ugliness, with large ears, small rather pursed lips, and the skin incredibly wrinkled and bluish black rather than pink. His eyes were screwed tight shut against the fading light of the sun, and he looked like some wizened gnome or hobgoblin. We christened him Goblin on the spot.

Melissa gazed down at her son for fully two minutes before she placed one hand behind his back and set off to make her nest for the night. Hugo and I followed, keeping well behind.

Every fifteen steps or so Melissa stopped and sat for a few moments before moving on, still supporting the infant with one hand, the placenta still trailing. It was dusk when she reached a tall leafy tree and climbed up, and we could

Hugo van Lawick



Jane Goodall—Baroness Jane van Lawick—and friends. It took her patient months before she could join chimps on the move

hardly see by the time she had finished making her bed.

We left her then, climbing back down the mountain to our forest home, rather silent as we thought of the young female, bewildered by the miracle of birth as so many other mothers have been throughout the centuries, animal and human alike. For the first time since leaving her own mother, Melissa was sharing her nest with another chimpanzee.

I HAVE ALWAYS THOUGHT that human children become increasingly fascinating as they grow out of the helpless baby stage and begin to respond to people and things. Certainly a chimpanzee baby becomes more attractive as it grows older, not only to its mother and siblings, but to the other members of the community—and to more human observers.

For Hugo and I, the privilege of being able to watch Flint's progress that year remains one of the most delightful of our experiences—comparable only with the joy we were to know much later as we watched our own son growing up. When Flint was three months old he was able to pull himself about on Flo's body, taking handfuls of her hair, pulling with his arms and pushing with his feet. And, at this time, he began to respond, when Fifi approached, by reaching out towards her.

Fifi became more and more preoccupied with him. She began to make repeated attempts to pull him away from his mother. At first Flo firmly prevented this, but even when Fifi persisted, pulling at her brother again and again, Flo never punished her.

Sometimes she pushed the child's hand away, sometimes she simply walked away, leaving Fifi rocking slightly, her limbs contorted. And sometimes, when Fifi was extra troublesome, Flo, instead of repulsing her advances, either groomed her or played with her quite vigorously. These activities usually served to distract Fifi's attention, at least temporarily, from her infant brother.

As the year wore on it seemed that Flo, perhaps as a result of playing so often with Flint and Fifi, her two younger children, became more and more playful. Often, as the weeks passed, we saw her playing with both Figan and twelve-year-old Faben, tickling them or chasing with them round and round a tree-trunk, with Flint hanging on for dear life.

On one occasion, in the middle of a romp with Faben, this old female lowered her balding head to the ground, raised her bony rump in the air, and actually turned a somersault. And then, almost as though she felt slightly ridiculous, she moved away, sat down, and began to groom Flint very intently.

When Flint was thirteen weeks old we saw Fifi succeed in pulling him away from his mother, Flo

was grooming Figan when Fifi, with infinite caution and many quick glances at her mother's face, began to pull at Flint's foot. Inch by inch she drew the infant towards her—and all at once he was in her arms.

To our surprise Flo, for the first few moments, appeared to take no notice at all. But when Flint, who had possibly never before lost contact with his mother's body, reached round and held his arms towards her, putting his lips and uttering a soft "hoo" of distress, Flo instantly gathered him to her breast and bent to kiss his head with her lips.

Flint eagerly sought the reassurance of his mother's breast, suckling for a few moments before turning to look at Fifi again. And Fifi, her hands clasped behind her head, her elbows in the air, stared and stared at Flint.

Ten minutes later Fifi was again permitted to hold Flint for a short while but, once more, the moment Flint gave his tiny distressed whimper Flo rescued him. And Flint, as before, suckled briefly when he regained the security of his mother's arms.

After this not a day passed but continued on next page



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A human 'Lear'

DINBURGH THEATRE □ HAROLD HOBSON

JOE WEST is an enjoyable character. The general public, people who go to the theatre to have a good time, are likely to take a higher view of Robertson's Prospect Theatre production in the Assembly Hall than critics and professors. It is a play in a bright, unvarying light, a bare stage, and though it lasts three and a half hours the performance is brisk throughout. It omphases a marathon race at a point, and both Mr West and the audience are as fresh at the end as at the beginning.

Mr Robertson has no new interlards to offer: only a conventionalism which he polishes shining. He has one clever touch, and it is on its own terms, a misanthrope brings on Edmund to start the play, and makes him smirk cynically at the audience. But this does not aid a cynical version of Lear, it plunges with enthusiasm into perfectly straightforward reading of the text, and before very long we use, perhaps to our surprise, that text is actually rather good.

Lear's unhappy rage when he and Regan reject him, Mr West's anger rises and swells very loudly, collapsing pathetically into a wailing, and the threat to do unthought things is truly unnerving. In the main Mr West takes Lear when Lear calls upon the gods to make his eldest daughter, it is evident that Mr West is really displeased, but the speech is not near and bluster. The over-riding ruin that comes upon Lear in this production with the peevishness of Cordelia. Lear's family to play a game of love, and Cordelia (Piona Ker) priggishly breaks it up. She is a public fool of her father, naturally she is innocent. He used hot temper than flares up in his personal relationships, and the ill is misery and death for practically everybody, good and bad alike. Lear is often regarded as a human play, a view that has many actors to try to show themselves up into grandiose proportions many dreary stages. The Prospect production is not superhuman, but

human. The gods and titans have departed, and only men and women of normal size remain. The gain is tremendous, for we have a shivery feeling that this sort of thing is not remote on some cloud-capped mountain top in a fabled country, not remote at all; it might happen to any of us. We are all in danger.

The Young Vic, under Frank Dunlop's direction, is presenting a modernised version of A Comedy of Errors at the Haymarket, the Rink, with the action clustered in Edinburgh instead of Greece. It has many novelities, a real motor car and a real bicycle, and many jokes. One of Shakespeare's interminable speeches is interrupted by someone saying "Piss off." Angelo the jeweller gives smacking kisses to most of the other males in the play, and Adriana is propelled into a privy, while Dr Pinch washes his clothes in the water of a water-chest. Edward Fox is comically bewildered as the twin from London, and Denise Coffey makes Adriana into a splendidly flustered and indignant Scottish housewife. A gentleman in a kilt turns up, all to sing "I love a lassie," there are a few very entertaining local jests, and inside the tent in which the audience is seated the atmosphere is cheerful and full of colour. But it is a "Comedy of Errors," which has more errors than comedy.

My standard in these matters was set by the late and great Billy Danvers at the Queen's Theatre in Barnstaple. Beaming with innocent delight, Mr Danvers, immaculately morning-suited, described a fashionable wedding. "All the best pots were there," he said, "and the bride was a real beauty, with handles to their names." But the audience thought of were not the social lions of North Devon. Once this has been put into their minds it was impossible for Danvers to make even the most innocuous remark without its having some dreadful double meaning. Improperly proliferated in every sentence, and this is what should have happened in "A Comedy of Errors" from the moment that Miss Coffey showed a shocked, unseemly interest in what a Scotsman meant without his kilt. But the joke had no progression, no increase. For most of the time the Edinburgh scene was virtually forgotten, and the jokes became isolated instead of integrated and self-creating. With L. L. Caragiale's "Carnival Scenes" and George Buchner's "Leonore and Lena," both at the Lyceum, the Bulandra Theatre from Bucharest have won a high regard in the official Festival. The Buchner play about a prince bored with the appalling task of doing nothing, and romantically inspired by a princess, is presented as if by strolling players on a platform set up on a bare stage, but "Carnival Scenes" is firmly, even grubbily, realistic. It is a farce about unfaithful lovers and mistaken identities, and the action takes place in a crumbling barbers' shop. The most amusing character is a young man with toothache whose pain disappears as soon as he sees the forces. Florian



Lisa Harrow (right) plays Desdemona in John Barton's production of "Othello" with 19th century designs by Julia Trevelyan Oman (centre). It opens at Stratford on Thursday with Brexter Mason as Othello

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Pitts, who was brought into the part apparently as a replacement at the last moment, proved to be the most rewarding actor on stage. Buister in gesticulation, his exuberance was founded on an anxious melancholy often characteristic of the best clowns. There is more than anxious melancholy in John McGrath's very impressive Wind in the Trees (7.34 Company, Cranston Street Hall). There is indeed the downright despair of a Left-wing visionary who sees all his ideals cracking. In Mr McGrath's sad and angry eyes Russia was long ago counted out; and now even the last lost leader—China—has defected over the wall. McGrath's performance is a tour de force. He is a young man with toothache whose pain disappears as soon as he sees the forces. Florian

Oxford contemporary, David Cauter, is an intellectual; but, in his study of four Left-wingers in bed-sitters, emotion keeps breaking in. Wind in the Trees is especially skilful in the parallel it draws between public and private sorrow. Mr McGrath's three girls and a man sing a litany of the world's evils: but they and the air they breathe are thick with treachery. Of the twelve disciples all save one were found faithful; in the crusading universe of Mr McGrath the incidence of betrayal is considerably higher. This is the spearhead of his argument, and the source of the desolation which is the aesthetic making of his play. There are fine performances by Elizabeth McLennan, Deborah Norton, Gillian Hanna, and Victor Henry.

THE QUEEN'S, after Hugh lard's uproarious but wanly lived knock at Irish vulgarity, e Patrick Pearse Motel," comes e another farcical satire on geous materialism, this time impled in a prosperous American s family. The production with or of A Funny Thing Happened he Way to the Forum.

erly dismissing an uprush of dy wisecracks of the sort that e the name of the late Dorothy er ("The sooner the better") x cheer for Brooklyn balder- y I must regretfully report a y and his rugged dives, we share discomfort over Brandon Thomas' ues classic and enjoy it all the for that. His is an altogether

phones, television sets and other electro-mechanical bric-a-brac. Its inhabitants, alas, fall far short of this cluttered nightmare. Warren Mitchell can find little more than unrelieved stridency for the businessman father who arrives with a bagful of wigs in the hope of winning back his long-wedded wife (and bluntly indicated) marital rights. Sheila Steafel, a good actress in the right role, is no Miriam Karas, and the vampire woman, and Sheila Scott-Wilkinson is wasted as that discredited prop, the funny coloured maid.

Every ten minutes or so a genuinely sharp comic exchange highlights the dreadful fatness of the rest; but it is little wonder that Charles Marowitz's direction has not managed

to breathe life into a cluster of supporting characters—suicidal simpleton, transvestite, venal cop, rapacious doctor, ridiculous rabbi—projected with varying degrees of competent desperation and bland ineptitude.

AT THE snug and leisurely King's Head, Islington—with the Theatre Upstairs the best of our current studio theatres—a group of admirable young players offer two blood-chilling one-acters by David Mowat, Anna-Luse and The Diabolist. It's a pity they do lapse into Grand Guignol (but then so did early Pincher), but have a sharply individual comic sense and a sympathetic eye for stresses and corruptions in the world of lesser mortals. But both are enjoyably done: Mr Mowat, like several of his actors, is worth watching.

been content to keep a cool head. Instead he chooses to ham it up. But there is no doubt that the production will make a lot of people laugh a happy. Tom Courtenay is coming home with the bacon. His home town of Hull is on the itinerary of a tour sponsored by Delta, which will also take the production to Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Liverpool and, of all places, Oxford.

tion of line. Samsova possesses all these qualities, but what struck me particularly was the devoted thought she has put into every detail of the work, and the ease with which her acting merged into dance and back again. She was irresistibly pretty and gay at the beginning, gripping in the mad scene and noble in the end.

The new production of Mary Skeaping was an interesting and vivid one: it gave us some unfamiliar music originally written by Adam for the Paris Opera, including a duet solo for Giselle. There were several other fine interpretations, notably the peasant pas de deux of Miklosy and Dubreuil, Terry Hayworth's sturdy Duke, the defiant Hilarion of David Lons and the really splendid Queen of the Wilis of Kathryn Wade.

In "Le Beau Danube," which still seems an over-sentimental revival, Miklosy gave out some blond sparks in Danilova's role of the Street Dancer, and von Loggenburg as the Hussar, at the dramatic moment when the Blue Danube waltz revives, love for her, substituted for Massine's dark glow of suppressed passion his own famous smile.

COURTENAY's essay into drag harley's Aunt, the opening production of the new 69 Theatre Company at the University Theatre, is another farcical satire on geous materialism, this time impled in a prosperous American s family. The production with or of A Funny Thing Happened he Way to the Forum.

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Today, Sept. 19th at 7.30. Monday, Sept. 20th at 8.00

Programme: Suite No. 1, Op. 10, No. 1, Op. 10, No. 2, Op. 10, No. 3, Op. 10, No. 4, Op. 10, No. 5, Op. 10, No. 6, Op. 10, No. 7, Op. 10, No. 8, Op. 10, No. 9, Op. 10, No. 10, Op. 10, No. 11, Op. 10, No. 12, Op. 10, No. 13, Op. 10, No. 14, Op. 10, No. 15, Op. 10, No. 16, Op. 10, No. 17, Op. 10, No. 18, Op. 10, No. 19, Op. 10, No. 20, Op. 10, No. 21, Op. 10, No. 22, Op. 10, No. 23, Op. 10, No. 24, Op. 10, No. 25, Op. 10, No. 26, Op. 10, No. 27, Op. 10, No. 28, Op. 10, No. 29, Op. 10, No. 30, Op. 10, No. 31, Op. 10, No. 32, Op. 10, No. 33, Op. 10, No. 34, Op. 10, No. 35, Op. 10, No. 36, Op. 10, No. 37, Op. 10, No. 38, Op. 10, No. 39, Op. 10, No. 40, Op. 10, No. 41, Op. 10, No. 42, Op. 10, No. 43, Op. 10, No. 44, Op. 10, No. 45, Op. 10, No. 46, Op. 10, No. 47, Op. 10, No. 48, Op. 10, No. 49, Op. 10, No. 50, Op. 10, No. 51, Op. 10, No. 52, Op. 10, No. 53, Op. 10, No. 54, Op. 10, No. 55, Op. 10, No. 56, Op. 10, No. 57, Op. 10, No. 58, Op. 10, No. 59, Op. 10, No. 60, Op. 10, No. 61, Op. 10, 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The fissionable fact

TELEVISION □ MAURICE WIGGIN

IT IS NOT SURPRISED that Mike Wooler is attracting attention with his BBC2 series, *All in a Day*. It may be seen as part of an evolutionary process—a logical development of the same trend which brought about the so-called factual novel, the genre of non-fiction written up in the mode of fiction.

An objection to this development is that it lessens the importance of the novelist's chief creative contribution—the insight into, and analysis of, character. There is also a danger that the method may further smudge the already hazy line between fact and fiction. But every human activity has its dangers. An advantage of the method, as pursued by Mr Wooler, is that it makes vivid and engrossing television.

The Sunday Times Insight invented the technique, so far as newspapers are concerned. Saturation of the subject with as many reporters as might be made available, each examining an aspect; then the collation of their contributions by editorial overseers (known as God) who, in possession of the whole picture, determine the narrative line. Zola would have envied them.

I daresay he would have envied Mr Wooler his technological advantage of effectively "being" in seven places at once. Let imagination atrophy? Who would it? (That's the danger of course.) Yet there is still some scope for the "creative" imagination, for the personal vision—even when the act of creation takes place, as manifestly it does, in the cutting room. In a real sense it is Mike Wooler's picture we are getting, even though he may not have directed a single one of his many cameras or spoken to a single person involved. Though the facts which he edits are nominally neutral and irrefutable, the final statement which emerges is his, just as in another media it may be Norman Mailer's, or Tony Palmer's, or an Insight editor's.

There is no escaping the personal factor; which can be either limiting or liberating, or even both. It may be objected that the search for ultimate documentation, the cult of objectivity, is a blind alley like any other. We may be on the brink of discovering that fact, too, is fissionable. What is reality? Applications to inspect the subconscious will be dealt with in strict rotation.

That being said, Mr Wooler is well equipped by temperament and training for this pursuit of the inner reality of exterior reality. His second report, on day's news-gathering by BBC teams, cast a light on the processes involved; and, perhaps, a revealing light on his discretionary powers. Certainly a romantic picture of an activity which appears to romantics, including romantics unaware who labour for a lifetime under the impression that they are objective and even sceptical observers of the human scene. It served to strengthen my doubts about television news—which depends far too much on pictures being available, as I have said so often. So much real news, important news, is not pictorial: it takes place in the minds of men, it is a thought-process, it is decisions. Which may only be expressed in words. More often than not, the pictures are peripheral (comings and

goings, self-conscious men entering and leaving) and sometimes the actual distraction. The presence of the camera influences responses, subtly or not so subtly. Some "news" is staged for the camera teams, some by them (it only in the innocuous sense of setting-up pictures).

Not every picture tells a story, to put it mildly. But some do. Mr Wooler filmed the Birmingham teacher, Miss Masturbation, watching herself on the nine o'clock News. This was the revealing shot—more so than any which appeared in the News. It should be running as a loop in every TV newsroom.

This fascinating film raised (but quite naturally did not set out to answer) questions about the extent to which television news is being sucked into the vortex of show business. News readers are performers, loved in every home. Reporters and interviewers become performers, wily-nilly: continually fighting a war on two fronts, for the necessity of projecting the "objective" facts, against the urge, possibly unconscious, to please the viewers. Editors, however sound their news-sense and however right and admirable their values, are up against the availability or otherwise of visual material, and must be influenced by this. They have the good light, and his film showed them make the best of a bad job. One can but admire them, professionally and indeed humanly, and I have no wish to asperse their performance. But it is a bad job that they are making the best of. I doubt if the visualisation of news has made us much better-informed; it may have made us more neurotic. Praise be for cold print, and, to a lesser extent, for radio. In the beginning was the Word.

The Word's some interviewers sometimes seem to forget) is not only something that you throw at interviewees, but equally something that you should listen to when they reply. Time and again I've seen interviewers steamroller on to the next question on their prepared list, apparently unaware that it has just been either answered or made irrelevant. I had in mind to welcome back the *Times* magazine. Today's well conducted by B.2 and B.2 Andrews, who is humane and perceptive and brilliant at this tricky job. Well, I do welcome it back: it's much pleasanter than BBC's fidgety gimmicky *Nation*-wide. But I also have to say that Ramon's star interviewer, the redoubtable Llew Gardner, whose distinguished work I admire so much, let himself down with his interview with Superintendent Richardson's widow; a brave and distinguished lady who merely deserved more sympathy and less needling.

Hostile interviews are sometimes wholly defensible. What disturbs the sense of fair play is when the interviewer is a practised professional, at home in his milieu, bearing down on a subject who is unpractised, and far from home. True, the situation may be reversed. The strong personality of Daphne du Maurier swamped the diffident Wilfred Deane, making him seem more incoherent than perhaps he really was. The torrential eloquence of Daniel Ellsberg so submerged the pale person of the Rosemary Wittman that they both became elusive. Gladiatorial clashes may be the red meat of TV, but grossly unequal catchweight contests leave a bad taste.

There is no escaping the personal factor; which can be either limiting or liberating, or even both. It may be objected that the search for ultimate documentation, the cult of objectivity, is a blind alley like any other. We may be on the brink of discovering that fact, too, is fissionable. What is reality? Applications to inspect the subconscious will be dealt with in strict rotation.

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and limited technique. There's a heavy-critic move afoot to hype him into a Jimi Hendrix or a genius. Don't believe it. His rhyms, shapes, phrases are surprising but as yet lack purpose, and his freak-outs are standard rubbish.

Air, the four-strong backing group Mann uses are fine—ardent and integrated. They play also with a girl singer (Goggin) who improvises weirdly, wordlessly, an Yma Sumac of the subway or Omar Khayyam of the Village—in a fashion enigmatic enough to get someone sooner or later to say she's significant. Don't believe that either.

The rest of the bill, Ashton, Gardner and Dyke, sound like an acrobat-comedy trio from the old vaudeville circuit. Ashton behaves a bit like it, too, looting around, striking attitudes, playing one-handed piano whilst not looking at the keys. Gardner, who is a sort of rock 'n' roll teardrop, but despite all, he's a stunning keyboard performer, who'll play you a pastiche of anyone from Albert Ammons to McCoy Tyner. The rest of the band (three horns, three rhythm) roar away with great gusto. In the end, it's very entertaining as well as (for Ronnie's) a touch refreshingly profane.

HERBIE MANN is a flautist who wins "Playboy" jazz polls but never the purist's ear. Now he's backed himself with heavy Afro-Latin-rock rhythms sections and skidded tunelessly about over the thunderous sound. At Ronnie Scott's Club, he repeats the mixture. He's a skater, where Roland Kirk's rough-country skier: one has technique, the other's gutsier. It's like trying to compare Paul Desmond with Johnny Hodges. *Chacun a son goût*. Mann is a nice sound, very fluent, but predictable.

He's teamed contrastively with a guitarist called Sonny Sharrock, who's all feeling, wildness, wall

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Record choice

SUNDAY TIMES
RECORD OF THE MONTH

ARTHUR JACOBS

MONTEVERDI: *Il Riforma d'Ulisse* in *Patra*. English. Lohme. Kreitzmar. Vol. 1. Sanini Chamber Orchestra/Ewerhart. Torsabot 177016-85/\$2.97.

MONTEVERDI'S "Orfeo" and "Poppea" may be more colourful scores, and more vividly dramatic, but the story of *Ulisse* is a homecoming also stirred the composer's genius. Strangely marked at less than full-price range, this three-disc set has the versatile, intelligent Gerald English outstanding in the title-role, with Maurice Lehar as his incredulous Penelope and Edward Wood splendidly doubling two deep bass roles. The musical version is somewhat cut (and not always wisely) but preserves a fine intensity of feeling, and gives Monteverdi undisturbed by modern pretentiousness.

J W LAMBERT

● HENZE: *El Cimarron*/William Pearson, baritone; Karlheinz Zoeller, flute; Leo Browner, guitar; Stony Yamashita, percussion/099 2707 050 (two records) \$4.70.

THE "Autobiography of a Runaway Slave" on which this cantata is based places with life (it is available in Penguin). Hans Magnus Enzensberger has extracted four telling episodes from its story of a centenary Cuban, ranging from slave life to fugitive days in the forest to the disfigurement of revolution. But as in nearly all new pieces for voice and assorted sound effects Henze's emotional range is sadly limited (and not helped by much arbitrary fiasco). Even in this brilliant performance the original's exuberance, and celebration, is swamped by almost unrehearsed nervous tension.

● CARL PHILIPP EMANUEL BACH (1714-1781): *Oden, Psalmen und Lieder*/Diethrich Fischer-Dieskau, Jörg Demus, tangententeilg/ Archiv 2533058/\$2.35.

FELIX APRAHAMIAN

● PANUFNIK: *Heroic and Tragic Overtures*/Machura/Autumn Music/London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Jascha Horenstein UNICORN NIS 306/\$2.35.

A FAIR GUIDE to the world as well as standing of a living composer is the type of conductor who has attracted his music. Horowitz now adds his practical testimony to that of Stokowski in these vivid, committed performances of four scores by Andrei Panufnik, an exile whose very existence is ignored in his native Poland. The Dolby Sound System Recording achieves a matching intensity of orchestral colour and impact. Unicorn is evidently a firm to reckon with in hi-fi standards.

STEPHEN DODGSON

● SCHUBERT: *Piano Recital*/Wilhelm Kempff/066 2530 090/\$2.35.

SIDE 2 has the Andante in A (D 604) and Allegretto in C minor (D 605). Both are lovely, and the recital's major item: 13 Variations on a Theme by Anselm Hüttenbrenner (D 576). The interest flags momentarily in mid-course, and maybe the last variation disappoints by failure to cap the whole satisfactorily. But a marvellous recital, played as simply as it demands and with complete belief. The recital opens with the three posthumous Klavierstücke (D 946) done with great dignity and sense of their uncluttered architecture. Kempff bringing out strongly their otherworldly quality. The last of the songs (e.g. the first episode of No. 2 and Im Dorfe). A generous piano sound of admirable timbre and clarity.

RUTH HALL

● FRANÇOIS COUPERIN: *Apollonius de Lully*, *Apollonius de Lully*, Jean-Marie Leclair: "Le Tombeau" /Edward Miller and other soloists/066 Archive 2533 067/\$2.35.

HOW FORTUNATE were Lully, Couperin and Leclair to be waffled to Parnassus on such music as this. Couperin's *Le Tombeau* has no idea that his magnificent violin sonata would be performed at his own funeral. The musicians on this splendid record do full justice both to Couperin's musical tributes to Lully and Couperin, and stylistically, to his attempt in these pieces to fuse the separate and bitterly warring French and Italian baroque styles. Edward Miller's fellow-soloists together in a performance I have not heard equalled.

COLIN TILNEY

● WEBER: Complete music for String Quartet/Quartetto Italiano/Philips/4590 105/\$2.40.

WEBER published neither the 1805 Slow movement nor the early quartet, although here they take up the entire first side; recommended for lovers of the late-Romantic thematic battlefield. Those attuned to the later Webern, with its cool canonic procedures and its lovely economy, will scarcely want to leave Side 2—Five Movements (1808). Six Bagatelles (1812) and the String Quartet of 1828. Still, it's a fascinating record of artistic progress, and the Italians play it as such.

THE VISITING Deutsche Oper Berlin brought a new German opera to Edinburgh last week by the thirty-five-year-old Aribert Reimann, well known in Germany as a Lied-accompanist. His *Melusine* proved a very different kettle of fish from Mendelssohn's overture of that name, and, musically speaking, ocean apart.

Claus H. Henneberg's libretto is based on a play by Ivan Goll, whose writings have previously yielded operatic texts for Kurt Weill ("Royal Palace") and Marcel Mihailovici ("Phédre"). The opera unfolds between the impatient cries of Melusine's husband, Oleander (Donald Grobe), for shaving water and his identification of her charred remains. (Gustav Rudolf Selner's production cheats here. There were no corpses on the stage of the Kings' Theatre. Oleander only guesses the unidentified victim to be Melusine.)

This bourgeois realism encloses a supernatural element; for to prevent her beloved park from being built on, Melusine (Catherine Gayer) enlists the aid of a nature goddess, Pythia (Martha Mödl). She then leads the surveyor (Ivan Sardi) to his doom, drives a builder mad (Klaus Lang) and infatuates an architect (Loren Driscoll) before forfeiting her life by falling for the Count von Lusignan (Barry McDaniell). Their brief idyll ends in flames. After Melusine is cursed for her perfidy by Pythia's partner, Oger (Josef Greindl), Pythia sets park and palace on fire.

Predictably, with such eminent names in the cast, the opera is admirably sung. The vocal writing is both consistent and cruel. As one would expect from a frequent partner of Fischer-Dieskau's, Reimann never submerges his vocal lines in an orchestral melée: every word is perfectly audible. On the other hand, he writes prodigiously difficult coloratura parts for Melusine and the architect, with long stretches in a taxing tessitura. Here, both Miss Gayer and Mr Driscoll proved intrepid.

Yet, even where Mr Reimann's notation is precise, absolute precision of the vocal line in execution is hardly discernible, for, in its very nature, the musical language is imprecise. Throughout the eight scenes of the opera there are hardly



Roger Hilton and paintings in his Cornish cottage: his recent work is on show at the Waddington Gallery from Wednesday

Smoke without fire

MUSIC □ FELIX APRAHAMIAN

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NOTHING in future years is likely to rival the investigations in depth of a single major artist which were once a regular feature of the Edinburgh Festival. Such things now cost too much money, in practical terms the field has now been restricted to exhibitions, for which an official subsidy from abroad is forthcoming. In saying this, I do not mean to discredit the Belgian Contribution to Surrealism, which can be seen at the Royal Scottish Academy till September 19, but rather to applaud the Belgian initiative in sending to Edinburgh a show which will break new ground for many visitors.

Paul Delvaux was in Edinburgh for the opening of the show, and the nine large paintings by him caused quite a stir among the City Fathers. What if the basic idea should spread, and Waverley Station be invaded towards the hour of dawn by troops of naked young ladies, each bearing an oil lamp? Would the Mayor of the City be able to go on reading his newspaper, as he does in the Delvaux painting of that name, as if nothing unusual were going on? How would the Scotsman stand up to the test?

The painting in question is dated 1940, and Delvaux's redesigned surrealist newspaper is one of his happiest notions. If we were to judge the later paintings by the standards of Magritte, we should have to note in Delvaux a certain overblown repetitiveness and finally decorative quality: and a lack, also, of the intellectual underflow which distinguishes even the slightest work from Magritte's hand.

Magritte is well shown at the RSA, and there is a particularly full coverage of the "little magazines" and all-but-private publications which played so large a part in Belgian surrealism. The

eight seconds when the music is free of semitonal clashes to say the least. Nothing less ecstatic in sound than the penultimate interlude, presumably describing of Melusine's liaison with the Count, could be imagined.

The final interlude, making Pythia's conflagration lengthy enough to char their bodies, also suggested that the park was excessively damp. A few of Loge's brighter harmonic flames might have helped this rather dreary latter-day Götterdämmerung which Reinhard Peters conducted with evident skill.

The drabness of Reimann's musical language was exactly reflected in the colours of Gottfried Pilz's designs, all of which seemed to emanate from the gravel, compost and manure in the park, the smoke of Pythia's bonfire impregnating even the Count's palace-warming reception. The pre-1914 costumes were more diverting.

Elsewhere the show is bulked out with work by Jacques Lacombe, Octave Landuyt and others which is not surreal at all, but by any criterion known to me; but it very well fulfils its mission by including images of a genuinely haunting sort by Marcel Lefrancq, and by the Raoul Ubac of the 1930s.

You don't have to go far, in the art-world of Edinburgh, to find that Richard Demarco is to the city what success was to Anthony Trollope: "a necessary poison." Since he opened his gallery just five years ago, Mr Demarco must have caused more exasperation in Edinburgh than any other single human being. But it was a very great coup to get Joseph Beuys to last year's Festival, and in a less obvious way it was very well worth while to bring a group of Rumanian artists to Edinburgh this time round.

The problem in Rumania, as in other Iron Curtain countries, is to keep to a meaningful middle course between imitation of the West, on the one hand, and a self-conscious parochialism on the other. Rumania is favoured in this context by a particularly vivid and lively tradition of working in wood.

Of the avant-garde activity sponsored by the Scottish Art Council under the title of Le lions, the one most in evidence to visitors is the Rumanian Stuart Brisley's show-window performance opposite the Usher Bar. Where ordinary car-showrooms put the best face on their war Mr Brisley says, in effect, "Come and see how to get killed standing in white before the wreckage of a motor car." It spreads a valuable disquiet in two to eight every day.

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Caught in the act

FILMS □ DILYS POWELL

THE OLD, happy, free days in Milos Forman was making Czechoslovakia a reputation for directing his players—players rather than actors and actresses—use often the performances given by non-professionals, at one would think have said that he could turn a non-professional into a professional without losing the spontaneity of the professional experience. You had the feeling that the people on the screen were not carrying out the performance of one self into the self which we call acting, but that they seemed to be relating what life had made of it, being, in fact, themselves, and so things more difficult in front of a camera. It is to recall the ghastly self-conscious appearances of worthy citizens in some of the most vivid of British documentaries, now Mr Forman has made a comedy in the United States; and has shown that his gift works either side of the Atlantic. In America, though, it is reversed, it is to say he has elicited from professionals the spontaneity, the truth rather than the illusion of life which he displayed in the figures of his Czechoslovakian films.

KING OFF (Odeon, St. Paul's Lane, colour; X) is a comedy which might be variously interpreted. Some of the characters take off some of their clothes in front of the camera. They do it during strip poker in a spirit of abandon, used by taking off—that is, taking off after an experiment, taken off with the highest of lives with marijuana. And film, a satire on America, is off American problems and solutions; tobacco smoking and hypnotism cure; pop music middle-aged shrinking; the erosion gap; and here let me say that Mr Forman's film is the one to make that latter-day object not merely tolerable but lively and uproariously enjoyable.

satire on America—well, of America. The parents dutifully judged appearances. Buck Henry and Lynn (in live) comfortably in a New York suburb. A teenage away daughter (one of the non-professionals, the grave Linnea Heacock) attends a music audition, arrives home to middle of the night to find mother half-sleeping and father half-awake and out again—all right, takes and this time she doesn't back so quickly. There is hilarious passage (the script) the director in collaboration with Jean-Claude Carrière and John Klein when he gets to the scene of the cause and dine with the dictator; boringly knockabout when he joins a Castro-like guerrilla



Rock singers prepare for a New York audition in "Taking Off"

wickedly cadaverous figure (Vincent Schiavelli) helps his audience to understand their pot-smoking off-spring by a lecture on the proper handling of the joint. All through one is aware of Milos Forman's sympathy with the younger generation. But the sympathy isn't given at the expense of the middle-aged. They are looked at with amusement—but also with affection.

On his journey to the United States, Mr Forman, I am glad to say, has taken with him his narrative style as well as his gift for direction. Taking Off, like A Woman in Love, is a series of anecdotes. There are anecdotes about marital idiosyncrasies, about runaway teenagers, about aspiring pop singers; the anecdotal scene, by the way, uses editing to make a critical point about the similarity of all pop performers, and for good measure includes a haunting non-pop song: "Even the horses had wings." But the anecdotes are based on observation; they coalesce, they form, when one looks back, a coherent view. Mr Forman has made an extraordinarily successful transition from the Czechoslovak to the American scene.

Suddenly one thinks how pleasing it would be, if not for the first time, an influx of European talent could revive the drooping American cinema. SATIRE in another mood in Woody Allen's Bananas (Prince Theatre, De Luxe colour; AA). Mr Allen, co-author as well as director and chief comic, flings himself through a series of loosely connected farcical scraps. He is funny in an encounter with a girl (Louise Lasser, agreeably fluent) collecting for some remote political cause; less funny when he gets to the scene of the cause and dine with the dictator; boringly knockabout when he joins a Castro-like guerrilla

The master builder

HENRIK IBSEN Vol 3: The Top of a Cold Mountain by Michael Meyer/Rupert Hart-Davis £5.50 pp 367

COLIN MACINNES

IBSEN was a universal European long deemed, by cosmopolitan sophisticates, to be what they really were, but he was never—a provincial. In a long, tough life of struggle he probed into social and psychological realities of his day—and always—completely altered popular style of acting and production, and restored the theatre to its oldest and worthiest function as a place of communal revelation.

This is the third and final volume of the series. Michael Meyer has created a new and revealing Ibsen's achievement, and one must believe that even his exacting and alarming hero would have approved of it. For this three-volume epic is learned yet entertaining, in tone respectful without being over-reverent, and it makes the crutchy, tender Scandinavian juggernaut seem alive and entirely human. Mr Meyer is not only a fine biographer, but a critic, translator and narrator of the first order.

The world's great dramatists are divided about fifty-fifty into those who were also actors, and those who were not. It is possible the perfect person for a dramatist to be a great writer, a great actor, like Shakespeare. For even over the works of such non-acting masters as Racine or Tchehov, there does hover a sense of the actor's literary. The glamour of grease-paint can be grossly exaggerated by bad actors and star-struck theatre-lovers, yet it does seem that to have lived the words gives the dramatist an extra edge of intimate theatrical understanding.

The reason Ibsen was able to revolutionise the theatre without having himself been an actor, though as a young man he did practice everything else besides the scenes of a provincial theatre, was that, by the late nineteenth century, both plays and actors were almost unbelievably dreadful. Of course, they were "enterprising," who wouldn't like to have seen living in the Belle? But so crass had the whole area become, that any reform from within was hardly possible, and it needed a prophet, or a theatrical Genghis Khan, to turn the trick. This Ibsen became, and his achievement as a stage reformer is every bit as remarkable as his huge talent as a dramatist.

By the time of this volume (1883-1906), Ibsen's "poetical-historical" period is long over, his "social problem" style behind him, and he is embarking on his final plays in which he probed the human heart and mind

so fully that the greatest of his contemporaries, as Freud or the teenage Joyce, revered him, while, with a few honourable exceptions, chiefly among his juniors, the public, the Press, the politicians, and "informed opinion" generally, thought the old Norwegian trouble-maker was finally doing his nut. This he did in some eleven plays including Gengangere, Hedda Gabler and When We Dead Awake, the master-works the world now most admires.

Mr Meyer gives us a blow by blow account of the conception, writing and presentation (often disastrous) of these historic plays, along with a year by year description of the master's emotional, professional and financial existence. As to this last, the paradox is that what income Ibsen made was mostly from prior to performance—it seemed he had to build up public support among intelligent readers before he could build up a reputation, and the largely reluctant theatre-goers. As to Ibsen's emotional life, Mr Meyer draws tentative parallels between his frustrations and inhibitions, and the dramatic explosions in the plays that were their consequence.



Ibsen in 1895

Old campaigner

LEFT, LEFT by Peggy Duff/Allison & Busby £2.80

ROY SHAW

PROTEST marching and sitting are so much a part of the present political scene that the memoirs of a veteran cannot fail to be of interest.

Mrs Duff tells us that her book is not an autobiography but a record of six political campaigns in which she was involved from 1945 to 1965. The outstanding ones were campaigns to capture the conscience of the Labour Party—the Bevanite Movement and the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament.

Inevitably, it is a very personal record and the style reveals a lively, vibrant, and at times, a person. The book reads as though it had been dictated at speed—sometimes too fast. Once, at least, the reader gets a firm memo: "Please note . . .", and prejudices crackle on every page.

Yet it is a candid book, candid enough to admit that the main campaigns to which she devoted so much of her energies were failures, while they were on, with the relish of a born writer, she found more satisfaction working in a cramped cold office than she now does in a thoroughly comfortable one. The trials and discomforts of the Aldermaston marches she bore with the fortitude and joy of a martyr suffering for her faith.

It is an earnest story, and fundamentally a sad one, tinged with some bitterness, though less than might have been expected. She and her colleagues fought for a profound reformation in the Labour Party, and they failed. Almost the only politician to come out of her story with credit is the late American Senator, Hugh Gaitskill, seen as the main villain, more interested in power than in socialist principles, but (and here hindsight strengthens the condemnation) Harold Wilson appears as a trimmer, lacking in both acumen and courage.

She recalls with sadness the way in which early fighters for principle all showed great capacity for compromise. For example, she recalls how Freemen's attacks on US foreign policy and then adds immediately: "Later, of course, he became British Ambassador in Washington." If she had written just a little later, she might have added: "and ended up as chairman of a commercial television company." Her epitaph for Bevan reads like an epitaph for her beloved Labour Party: "Fire died with Aneurin."

It is for her work with the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament that Peggy Duff is best known. Much has already been written about the movement, and her inside story adds little more than anecdotal. She usefully distinguishes three aspects of CND policy. The first was a generalised protest not only against the bomb, but against the society which had produced and used it. This policy was its strongest appeal, particularly to the young, who now express their frustration in different campaigns. Yet she recognises that it was too vague an emotion, hardly a "policy" at all. More specifically, some wanted civil disobedience campaigns and set up the Committee of One Hundred. This split the movement and divided Lord Russell, their President, from Canon Collins, the Chairman.

The third policy, closest to Mrs Duff's heart, was that of converting the Labour Party to unilateral disarmament. At the 1960 Labour Party Conference, a unilateral motion was actually passed, but only to be reversed the next year, and the leadership never took it seriously. Thereafter, though CND continued (and continues) to exist, it ceased to be a significant influence.

"I wonder where they are now?" Mrs Duff asks sadly about those who marched. Some have undoubtedly stopped worrying, and learned to live with the bomb; many have doubtless retreated into the despairing wisdom of Voltaire's Candide and now cultivate their own gardens. If they read Mrs Duff, they are unlikely to return to the streets—which are in any case already full of other marchers. Mrs Duff sees some hope in these new-style, less peaceful, marches, but to this reviewer (who is not the Roy Shaw referred to in her text), she seems to be clutching at a broken reed.

"What's Left?" is the title of her final chapter, and the answer seems to be "very little." Mrs Duff's book is finally depressing, reading like a dossier on the corrupting influence of power. Labour supporters must read it as a challenge to re-shape and revitalize their movements completely; others, if they care for the health of democracy, can scarcely read it with complacent satisfaction. In any case, someone could be writing a book on "What's Right?"

Bread alone

A WORKING LIFE by Polly Toynbee/Hodder & Stoughton £2

PADDY KITCHEN

MIDDLE-CLASS GIRLS who dip summarily into the working-class maelstrom and come back with a book, can play it safe in a vulnerable position. But Polly Toynbee is a political animal, following Orwell's path, and not a literary voyeur.

Her brief working periods in various factories, a hospital, and the women's army, together with her visits to a coal mine and a steel works, all over the country, in this illuminating book, give an ample and accurate backing to her main conclusion:

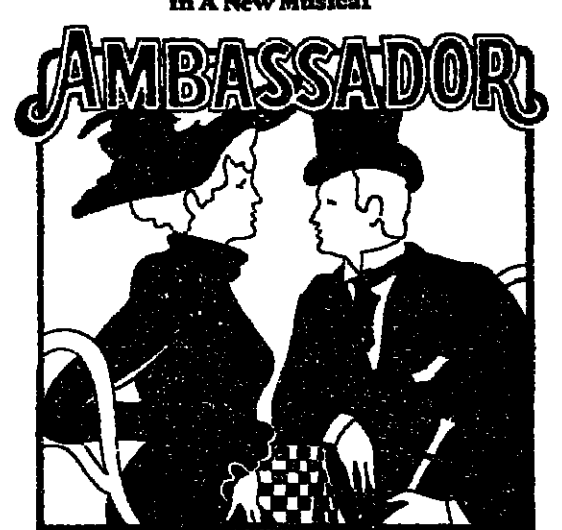
If all the people who have had little control over their destiny and are now in dead-end jobs, living in squalor, suddenly became aware that their intelligence had been more or less determined at the age of three by their parents' environment, that their education had been geared to streaming them into appropriate categories to fill the needs of industry and society, that however comprehensive their children's education might be they stand no real chance of having a very different life either, that their standard of living will rise at an increasingly long rate, and that the gap between themselves and the rich is likely to widen and not to narrow, there would be revolution.

She does not say so, but one gets the feeling that given a choice between spending the rest of her life in one of the factory jobs she briefly endured or committing suicide, Polly Toynbee might well choose the latter, so great is the gulf between life styles in our country.

The most moving and depressing parts of the book are her chapters on the coal and steel industry. Her picture of men still working flat on their bellies in indescribable conditions for coal we do not really need, or risking their sight and hearing in front of dragon-like furnaces (which in their turn will become redundant), are a long, long way removed from those anonymous headlines that filter through to the rest of us: "Miners' dispute continues."

Polly Toynbee turns the work ethic on its head. Her kind of succinct journalism is perhaps more likely to have influence than dense volumes of sociology or political theory.

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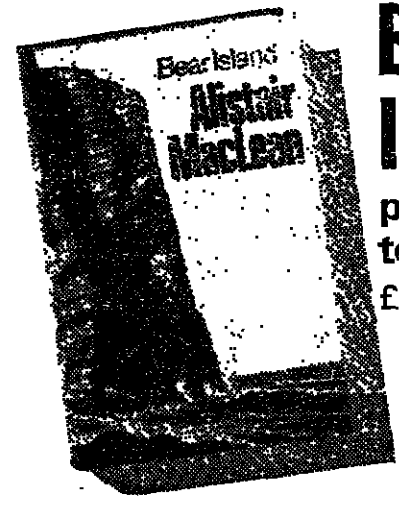
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siderably if readers when ordering would quote the exact title,

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A GOOD HARVEST here, although (because) the average age is pretty high. Graves, well into his seventy-sixth year, and three more around sixty, only Miss Whitaker (b. 1944) and Mr Hill to help out. So one may expect a certain conservatism, ripeness and technical skill.

Robert Graves gives considerably more. His poetry since 1965 is inspired by what Sir John Betjeman has called "late-flowering lust" but which is in fact romantic love with a physical basis metaphysically interpreted. Graves is the oldest living love poet and possibly the greatest. While Auden's mere strippling, protests against such poetry and proclaims he finds it embarrassing (would he ban the Song of Solomon?) Graves accepts the fact that most great lyric poetry is love poetry and that he is particularly well equipped for it. "I love, therefore I am."

By making use of the stock-in-trade of all serious lovers—coincidence, myth, the significance of names, magic, astrology, invocations, prayer, he fills out his theme with a certain sculptured fastidious fatness. His poems deal with

The magical powers of thought—these powers over-ride and reinterpret simple love-entanglements to a point where physical absence supplies a living presence. Alliances of this nature provide the strongest possible fulcrum for the gradual depression of public humanity, and for the re-evaluation of natural law.

I wish his two recent poems in the Listener could have been included. Here is a complete poem to illustrate his mastery. Suddenly, at last, the bitter wind veers round

From North-East to South-West.
It is at our orders:
And the arrow on our cane
swings and stays true
To your direction. Nothing
parts us now.
What can I say? Nothing I
have not said.
However the wind bleeds I more
than love
As when you drew me bodily
from the dead.

Mr Durrell's The Red Limbo Lingo is also a limited edition, for this would seem the only way in which a well-known poet who does not command enormous sales can make money. His central theme is blood in its sacrificial aspect, including vampires, but his long introductory prose poem does not seem to me the most successful. Durrell's best poems are conversational, occasional and rather light-hearted.

I finger the sex of many an uncut book.

His poems give the impression of someone waiting for a new experience or perhaps one last great love; he sees himself as "an old smelly covetous bookman" who "does not drink or smoke."

I would perhaps have asked you away
To my house by the sea, to
retire us both
in absolute solitude and dis-

passionately.
The autumn would be a good time to do it, despite the mistral. Freedom is choice: choice bondage.

The hero rises up

THE LEGEND OF ROLAND IN THE MIDDLE AGES by Rita Lejeune and Jacques Stiennon translated by Christine Trollope

Phaidon 2 vols £28

GEORGE STEINER

ON THAT famous fishing trip to Burgundy in Hemingway's "Fiesta," Bill and the narrator glimpse a grey metal-sheathed roof on the shoulder of the first dark mountain. "There's Roncevaux," says Jake, and suddenly Bill notes: "It's awful cold." For an instant the air darkens and we hear in that single, muted reference the tones of heroism and betrayal, of romantic but vacant gesture which will mark the rest of the novel.

No one knows with any certainty what happened in the narrow defile of Roncevaux or Roncevaux in AD 778. The Saracen ruler of Barcelona was in rebellion against his overlord in distant Cordova. He invited Charlemagne to support his cause. The Franks crossed into Spain and conquered Pamplona but Zaragoza withstood their siege. The Emperor withdrew across the frontier. His rearguard was under the captaincy of Roland, the Earl of the Breton march. This troop of knights was ambushed as it came through the mountain gorge and annihilated. By whom? By the moors of Zaragoza under King Marsile, abetted by the traitor Ganelon, says the legend. The facts are probably more prosaic about the affair at Roncevaux was abroad in Navarre. Between 1000 and 1020 various tales about the prowess of Roland and his friendship with Oliver begin cropping up in France, notably in Normandy. The earliest

version of the Chanson de Roland as we know it is dated c. 1100 and is known as the "Oxford text." Very probably older fragmentary versions have been lost.

It is a marvellous tale. It tells of Roland's birth at Imola and of his education in the great forests. The young knight saves Charlemagne's life at Aspremont and is rewarded with the magic sword Durandal and the horn Oliphant. In Charlemagne's dispute with Girart de Vienne, Roland is champion for his liege-lord. He fights Oliver under the walls of Vienne from dawn to sunset and neither can prevail. An angel stops the epic duel. Roland becomes betrothed to Oliver's beautiful sister Aude. Henceforth the paladins are inseparable. Roland challenges the pagan giant Ferragut. They fight on horseback and neither triumphs. Roland brings Ferragut a stone to support his head and watches over his sleep. They engage in theological disputation, then they fight on foot. Roland slays the Saracen Goliath and proceeds to a brilliant campaign. He takes Tortolosa, Noble and Pamplona. Durandal is like a thing of fate.

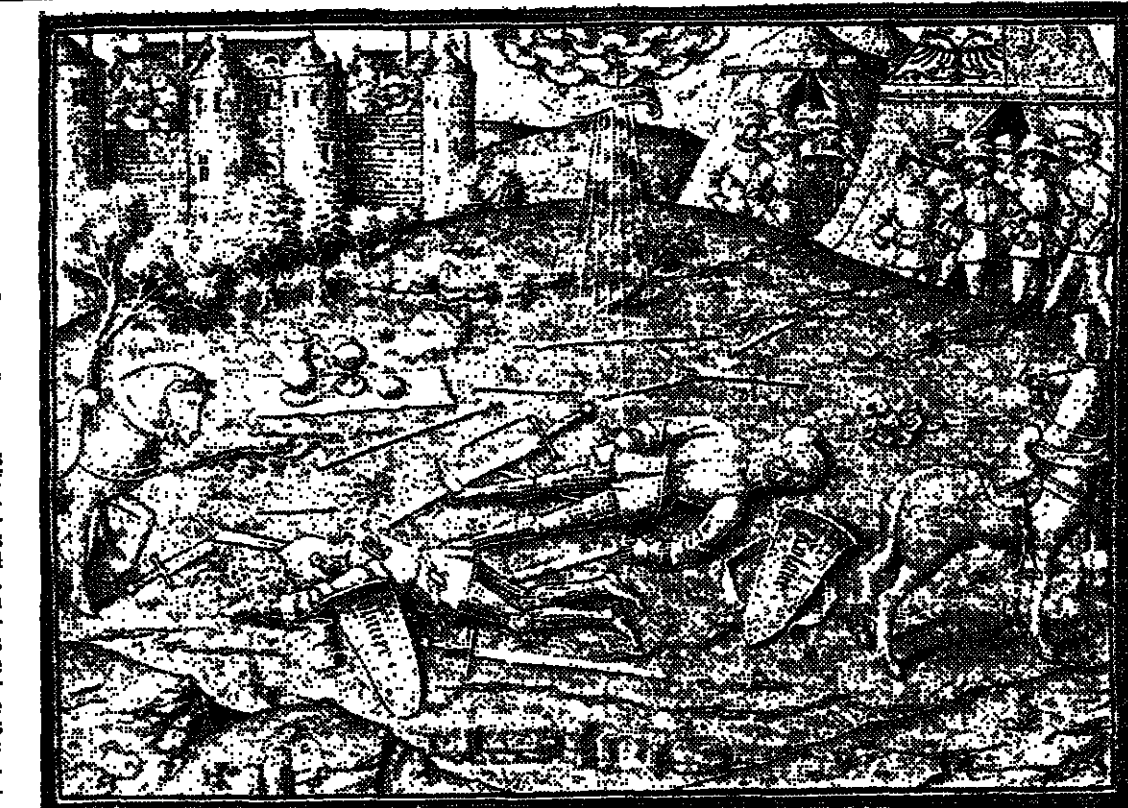
Lulled into a false sense of security by the gifts which Ganelon brings from Zaragoza, Roland covers the rear of the Emperor's army with a small troop of armoured horse. At Roncevaux a vast army of pagans surrounds him. Despite Oliver's pleas he refuses to blow his horn until it is too late. Finally, with blood-choked breath, he blows a great blast, tends the dying Oliver, breaks Durandal on a great stone, is blessed by Bishop Turpin, offers his gauntlet to St Michael, and Charlemagne hears the call of the magic horn carried on the evening wind. His host wheels about and hurries back to the mountains. It is too late, and as Bill says, "awful cold."

The call of that horn from the dark valley has sounded through western literature and art. In this sumptuous monograph, Dr Rita Lejeune and Dr Jacques Stiennon of the University of Liège study the iconography of Roland and of the geste of Roland from its very first, uncertain appearance on the capital of columns in the church of Sainte-Foy at Conques (Rouerge) to a series of miniatures painted in Paris for presentation to Francis I. The period covered runs from c. 1067 to 1520 and the authors examine sculptures, architectural motifs, stained glass, paintings and illuminations in France, Spain, Italy, the Netherlands and Germany (which produced that curious form, the "Roland pillar" or larger-than-life statue of the hero protecting the city against its foes). The work is illustrated by 573 plates, 63 of them in colour. Each site or manuscript illustration is discussed in detail and given its separate bibliography.

Only the specialist will be com-

petent to deal with the countless problems of chronology, iconographic interpretation and mutual influence raised by Dr Lejeune and Dr Stiennon. But the overall development of the Roland motif is clear and fascinating. At first, Roland is a stock figure in ecclesiastical propaganda, a champion over the swarthy infidels. But as early as 1169-79, in a glorious figure on the bell tower of the Cathedral at Modena, traits of individuality and pathos appear. The climax comes with the majestic St Charlemagne and St Roland windows in the north section of the ambulatory at Chartres (c. 1215). In this great series of pictorial scenes, with their subtle blue radiance and tranquil intensity of motion, Roland becomes the symbol of chivalric sainthood and of France. This is the figure glimpsed by the Pilgrim in the Fifth Heaven of the "Paradiso."

During the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, Roland becomes more and more human-



The angel ends the duel of Roland and Oliver: a grisaille by Jean le Tavernier about 1460 reproduced in "The Legend of Roland"

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JOHN WHITLEY

set pieces like Sunday baseball on the Heath and indigestible luncheon with legal advisers, much more successful than the Canadian chapters which still seem insufficiently distanced. Yet Mr Richler has written something more than a fine comic novel, with a wider application, ostensibly about the lingering Jewish consciousness in the Gardens of the West, it really deals with the sense of despair, of frustration at not being able to change so many evils: Jake's Horseman is the Knight of the Grail, the Superman who deals in moral justice, self-fulfilment for the intellectual character impatient with his own liberalism.

William Sansom's contemporary hero, in Hans Feet in Love is a far milder, not to say dimmer luminary: Hans Feet is, in fact, a young commercial traveller whose modest financial success is due to an engaging ingenueness of gaze. This expression, it seems, also makes him attractive to women and Mr Sansom's book is really a number of short stories about success or more frequently, failure in love linked together by the amorousness of the much-travelled salesman. For all their apparently mild, whimsical humour—and some of the stories are very funny—these episodes hide a bitter, cruel sting in their tails: loneliness, alcoholism, betrayal lurk beneath Hans' easy-going yet vivid writing ensures they are released on the unwary reader with the maximum impact.

Equally deceptive in the spare elegance of its writing and form, Chapman Mortimer's Amparo is ostensibly a con-

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AMPARO by Chapman Mortimer/Weidenfeld & Nicolson £1.50

PENMARRIC by Susan Howatch/Hamish Hamilton £2.25

JOHN WHITLEY

set pieces like Sunday baseball on the Heath and indigestible luncheon with legal advisers, much more successful than the Canadian chapters which still seem insufficiently distanced. Yet Mr Richler has written something more than a fine comic novel, with a wider application, ostensibly about the lingering Jewish consciousness in the Gardens of the West, it really deals with the sense of despair, of frustration at not being able to change so many evils: Jake's Horseman is the Knight of the Grail, the Superman who deals in moral justice, self-fulfilment for the intellectual character impatient with his own liberalism.

William Sansom's contemporary hero, in Hans Feet in Love is a far milder, not to say dimmer luminary: Hans Feet is, in fact, a young commercial traveller whose modest financial success is due to an engaging ingenueness of gaze. This expression, it seems, also makes him attractive to women and Mr Sansom's book is really a number of short stories about success or more frequently, failure in love linked together by the amorousness of the much-travelled salesman. For all their apparently mild, whimsical humour—and some of the stories are very funny—these episodes hide a bitter, cruel sting in their tails: loneliness, alcoholism, betrayal lurk beneath Hans' easy-going yet vivid writing ensures they are released on the unwary reader with the maximum impact.

Equally deceptive in the spare elegance of its writing and form, Chapman Mortimer's Amparo is ostensibly a con-

Ride for a dreamer

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After the Volcano

Genius is a word that regularly crops up when literary critics talk of Malcolm Lowry, author of the acknowledged masterpiece *Under the Volcano*. Reviewing his newly published novel *October Ferry* to Gabriola (Cape £2.25) Roy Perron in the Observer hailed "the work of a man with a streak of genius", Robert Nye (Guardian) praised "a work of art by a serious writer sometimes possessed by genius" and Julian Symons in the Sunday Times proclaimed "a remarkable book... very brilliant and moving. At the end you are in no doubt about Lowry's genius". *October Ferry*, completed in draft form just before Lowry's death in 1957, was assembled by his widow Margerie in accordance with his marginal notes. Essentially a love story, it is the account of a marriage as it is evoked by the speeding images seen from a bus window. "His writing has such a poetic force, such pungency of humour and allusion," said Michael Maxwell Scott in the Daily Telegraph, "that one is borne along like a sailing boat with a fair wind abeam."

the males
are wobbling gyroscopes of lust
on frogs, goats, or the fauna of
estuaries. He has a throw-away
grasp of the trivial, in itself an
accomplishment, as on a "sleeping
compartment."

I don't like this, being carried
sideways
Through the night. I feel
wrong and helpless, like
a timber broadside in a fast
stream.
Such a way of moving may suit
that odd snake, the side-
winder.

In Arizona but not me in
Perthshire
I feel at right angles to
everything
a cross-grain in existence...

James Kirkup is another gifted
imagist. Perhaps long residence
in Japan has lightened his western
burden. Although his sub-
title to *The Body Servant* is
"poems of exile," his exile has no
terrors. The book's tour de force,
adapted from a passage in
Leonardo's notebooks, is a de-
scription of the body, in a series
of apophthegms to various organs.
Mr Kirkup awards no prizes but
his poems on hands, thighs, vulva,
penis ("Members only") are
witty and original with "heart"
to close the series. His poems in-
clude an impassioned plea for the
Folk of "scarlet created his
humour almost to extinction, of
which only twelve were left."

Japan is losing all mystery.
Having become prosperous,
bourgeois

She has also become boring.
There will be no more birds
and poets
all killed by our hands or
iron—
our hearts of stone.

Patricia Whitaker's poems first
appeared in the London Maga-
zine; they are more intense than
some of the others under review
and show an intellectual delight
in words, as in "Driving in Scot-
land."

Pine-mornings.
The names of towns like
honourable rounds
Kintore, Monymusk,
Kildrummy, Tomintoul.

Slight and so far not much more
than clever, they are worth
watching, like her caterpillar
well-shod, your undersides like
boots
turret the ritz cabbage-head
I envy you.

A footnote to this poetry: it is
worth getting Ishmael, a new
quarterly (Anglo-French-Spanish
mainly Anglo) with a format an-
alogous to the late lamented 'X'. It is 50
pages from Librairie du Labyrinthe
boulevard de l'Assas, Paris. But
the first numbers contain a very
play on the Irish rebellion by
the editor, Francis Boylan, an
each an essay by C. H. Sisson, o
Yeats and Pound. The essay o
Pound and his earlier work is
after so many theses, extremely
lucid and refreshing. C. H. Sisson
by the way, supplies a title-page
quotation for Geoffrey Hill, in
Mercian Hymns.

IN MY review last week I said
that Norman Mailer's *The
Fever of Sex* was originally
published in Time magazine. I
was in fact published in Harper.
I apologise for the mistake.

English voices

JON SILKIN's *Amara Gra*
(Chatto & Windus 50p; hardback
£1.05) is his best book so far.
Whether writing of North En-
land or Iowa or Tel-Aviv, he
observes with an accuracy remi-
niscent of D. H. Lawrence, he
writes with none of the clumsi-
ness.

In fact Mr Silkin is one of the
most lucid and radiant of English
poets. I like especially his por-
traits of northern landscape
seemingly minimal and barren
but from which flower carpets
every sort of richness and life
his case within the tradition of
English poetry, and the me-
tafictions with which he infuses
it, prove a fallacy the popular
notion that contemporary poetry
in England must play second
fiddle to that being written in
the United States.

Veronica Forrest-Thomson,
the winner of the second annual
New Poets Award for her col-
lection *Language Games* (The School
of English Press, University of
Leeds 75p). Miss Forrest-Thomson
son fuses together bits and pieces
of both general and arcane
information from her university
education into a series of poems
which, if sometimes sounding like
the product of an unhelpful
between the styles of William
Empson and Gertrude Stein
almost always show a high
developed stylistic sense and
sharp humour. At times Miss
Forrest-Thomson succeeds in be-
lieving to create new literature
from aging texts and yellowed
theories, and I look with pleas-
ure toward seeing more of her work.

Donald Ward was born in 1901
has worked in the Post Office for
forty-seven years, and in his first
book of poems *The Dead Snow*
(Allison & Busby 75p; hardback
£1.25) gives one cause for hope
If the decline in our post
services is due in part to pen
like these being written in it
bowels of the GPO, then perhaps
such a decline is justifiable. I
range of material is wide (pa-
ticularly good are the charac-
ter sketches) and the treatment
splendidly assured. Perhaps o
might persuade Mr Ward to tal
his postal duties a bit mo
lightly? It would be a shame
have to wait another half-centu-
ry for a second book.

I have written previously abo
George Barker's lovely poem
"At Thurgarton Church." No
together with other previous
unpublished pieces, is available
Poems of Places and People
(Faber £1.50). To those who kno
Mr Barker's work, no more nee
be said. To those who do not, the
book should be an excellent i-
roduction.

Edward Lucie-Smith has edit-
ed for Rapp & Whiting a most in-
teresting volume entitled

When women should take to the streets

GOODNESS, I despair of women sometimes. Take for an example the wretched obscenity in this latter of social security benefits or the unsupported mother. Plainly, all the expenses of support and administration would be spared the State, and ultimately the taxpayer, if the unsupported mother should quietly become supported without fanfare or recourse to paternalist authorities. She and her issue could be most efficiently and discreetly supported by the proceeds of prostitution.

By way of favouring this particular private enterprise even beyond the extent to which this government generally favours private enterprise, it refrains from levying any tax upon women's earnings, and imposes no onerous controls of quality or quantity or weights and measures or Trades Descriptions Acts to hamper the small business woman.

Her work can be carried on in the home while the thus supported children sleep, or, if the habit is too common, almost anywhere else. Initial outlay is minimal and, provided the entrepreneur can avoid takeover by a pimp or organised exploitation by the underworld, it remains so.

For years now the servants of the people have laboured to help the unsupported mother grasp these elementary facts. They have set spies outside her house, so that the instant a man sets foot inside it, his movements can be speculated upon. If he remains overnight, as far as the Social Security man is concerned (success), it is assumed that the little woman has caught on and is doing off well. But like as not the silly goose has not twigged and even now cannot take the hint.

But the SS are patient. Over and over they challenge their sluggish pupil. Surely that man who stopped by to play cards or take the children to the football, while mother drew a breath and washed her hair, could be contributing to the kiddies' support? They chat with the children about their "uncle" or their "dad" and the children uttering wishes and fantasies of a "normal" home, unwittingly betray their mothers.

What the children leave out the neighbours fill in, parked cars, people coming and going, the length of Miss's skirts.

Doggedly, the hounds prepare the dossier that proves that the unsupported mother is twitting the State, and, if not, why not? When the chips are down, every woman must realise that she is sitting on her fortune.

But no, she doesn't realise. She pleads that she does not know her male friends intimately, that they are poor and hardworking themselves, that if she expected every man who spoke to her to undertake the support of her children, she would live in utter silence, except for childish chatter.

Now the SS men are not so thick that they cannot see at a

Germaine Greer



LOOK!

glance that she does not live in luxury provided by a dual income. When her benefit is stopped she is likely to starve, unless the Welfare Department send someone by with the daily food money. But the Welfare too is committed to the education of the poor. Sorrowfully but sternly they stay away, hoping that hunger will drive the bewildered creature to productive labour. She is more apt to sit at home and cry.

Perhaps she is ashamed to get out and hustle with the children in the house. Benevolently, the powers intervene to remove any older children, who might catch on, to State care, and damn the expense.

So far the surveillance of these improvident matrons is costing many times the maintenance of the children, but so great a value have independence and entrepreneurial skill in a Tory world that Social Security does not begrudge a penny.

But even yet such women cannot understand the point of this prodigious activity at public expense. They pursue their children through the State Departments, and make awful scenes, weeping and tearing their hair. They trudge to the Welfare, begging for a food allowance, while their children scream for fear and bewilderment, howling for the sequestered sibling. The Welfare mournfully considers the

The motor car squeaks when it's tired. But when it's exhausted, petrol fumes...

Alan Clark

His staple diet was hard tack. All his nails fell out.

J.A.C.

I've grown hyacinth in a flower bed.

Glen Boyd

possibility of dispersing the household once and for all.

At home, the object lesson is unsparingly continued. Instead of comprehending the avuncular role of the man lurking under her bedroom windows, and learning from him the pragmatic realities of the role of women under capitalism, the by-now demented woman calls the police. Everybody is very nice to her but no policeman comes.

Her days become a dreary round of humiliating scenes with the Social Security, the Welfare, the Housing Department, who can always be relied upon to show solidarity with the others by producing a timely threat of eviction. But still the crazed woman does not see.

No one takes so crass an attitude to the practical education process as to actually say, "Woman, all this pain could have been spared, if you had simply forgone welfare and supported your issue by the work of your joints. What else was marriage but payment in kind for sexual service and co-habitation? What is now so repugnant in the notion of being paid piecemeal, on a casual instead of a permanent basis? You could even make more money that way and raise your standard of living. It's like piece-work—it depends how quick you are."

Why is it unsupported mothers cannot see the glories and the high morality of the private enterprise system? Instead of imbibing the salutary truths demonstrated so tellingly by the clerks who give and take away, they have lately taken to combining in Claimants' Unions and such, adopting a militant posture, resisting eviction, harassing the harassment, spying on the spies, occupying Government offices, combining, heaven help us, like the frame-breakers and Chartists of old, to defend their interest as a class. Why, trespassing spies may be beaten, purveyors of hearsay evidence rebuffed, chaos will certainly come again.

Nowadays the women's houses are not lonely, for other women come to lend a hand, co-operating in freeing each other to get about. When men come by the women are not left in compromising circumstances, speechless before the lewd implications of the public servant; they have a defence against spying and evidence of their own. Their old teachers hang about in the hope that the feckless women are running a lucrative orgy business, but it has not so far been the case. Vulgar Economies has become Political Economy. Opportunism has been beaten by Principle.

History will explain why these women have chosen the method of combination and mass action in preference to individualism and personal profit.

Perhaps after all, freedom and dignity were motives for becoming unsupported mothers in the first place, but freedom and dignity are words with which Social Security has little to do.

© Germaine Greer and Times Newspapers Ltd., 1971.



LOOK! September choice: multi-colored zig-zag striped dress in single knit jersey, £7.50. It's knee-length and has short sleeves. By Lee Bender at Bus Stn, available at all branches or by mail order from 3 Kensington Church Street, London, W8. Send 25p for p & p.

Grapefruit crush

GREAT BRITAIN'S newest champion slimmer, Mrs Jeannette Chappell (15st to 9st in ten months) did it on a grapefruit diet. The original grapefruit diet, printed in The Sunday Times two years ago, was sent for by 50,000 readers, and when Outspan displayed the grapefruit diet in an Oxford Street window, the pavements were blocked by plump ladies busily copying it down.

Extraordinary claims are made for the grapefruit, not the least of which is that it acts as a catalyst on other foods and burns up all the surplus fat. Claims like these lead people to believe that as long as you start off a meal with a grapefruit, it doesn't matter what you eat afterwards. But is all this faith in the grapefruit unfounded? One thing most people know about grapefruit diets if they've tried them is that they seem to work, but do they actually speed up the metabolism and burn up fat?

Absolute rubbish, say the experts. Derek Miller, lecturer in nutrition at Queen Elizabeth College, says that the food which speeds up the metabolism hasn't yet been invented and it has been, he'd like to know about it. Dr Peter Greaves of the British Nutrition Foundation summed up the value of the grapefruit thus: "It's food value is as a good source of Vitamin C. Period. There's no physiological foundation for the fact that it helps to burn fat. That's absolute nonsense."

One thing is certain, that belief in the grapefruit's slimming powers has rocketed sales. Ten, even five years ago the grapefruit was an exotic fruit—what the trade calls "queer gear"—along with the avocado and the aubergine. Now this

LES DEJAS
Dysentery—déjà loo.
Instant taboos—déjà brew.
Young Conservatives—déjà blue.
Quick getaway—déjà phew.
Ageing fast—déjà through.
Already circled—déjà Jew.
Impeding pneumonia—déjà flu.
Income tax—déjà due.
Inmate refinement—déjà U.
Blasé jet-set—déjà fleur.
Summer sale time—déjà quene.
Practical gardening—déjà Keir.
Tory PR—déjà déja from.
Cheap tights—déjà tron.

Patricia Ayl
and David Robs

Stop Summer Dry Skin

There is nothing lovelier than a satin-smooth skin that has been warmed by the summer sun to a golden bloom, by take care that the skin's natural fluids have not been depleted by exposure to sunbathing and drying breezes. Before you make up, stroke a light moist oil of Ulay over your face and neck to assist nature to maintain a balance of the skin cells. As tropical Ulay oil will nourish the skin to new beauty and banish traces of wrinkled dryness.

LOOK!

Edited by Allan Hall

AS LORD LONGFORD returns from Denmark, shocked beyond speech at the permissive society run riot, there are other anti-permissive movements afoot. The latest calls itself The Festival of Light, is Christian, is supported by familiar names from among the forces of righteousness—Mary Whitehouse, Malcolm Muggeridge, Cliff Richard—and is holding a launching meeting at Westminster's Central Hall on Thursday.

Malcolm Muggeridge proclaims its ideals in the language of Bunyan and the Bible: "It's for putting on the armour of light and casting off the works of darkness." But does the armour of light mean anything to the children of the permissive society who take for granted the horrors listed by the Festival of Light's committee—The Little Red Schoolbook, Schoolkids Oz, The Devils?

The meeting on Thursday will be followed by a rally in Trafalgar Square on September 25 and two days before that, heacons will be lit all over the country "to alert Britain to the dangers of moral pollution"—and for the burning of a few questionable books?

ON LOOK: we knew Roy Brooks well. He was a lovable talker. He collected stories and sayings and coined a few himself. I'll tell the age of a house more surely than the age of a woman.

He was immensely sincere about his socialism—his rather individual brand of socialism—and we noted that the very first thing he did when he assumed control of the business from his father was to make his two assistants, Tony Halstead and Colin Lowman, partners. They, after all, were doing most of the work while he was talking his head off on the box, or raising money for charity, or squeezing a little social justice out of the system for somebody else.

Nobody but Roy Brooks could write those ads, and Messrs Halstead and Lowman are not going to try. But Brooks' honesty is a tradition that is worth carrying on.

WOMAN'S ROLE

LAST WEEK, I watched as three young Americans, tired but almost pathetically respectable, slumped down at a table in a warm, welcoming Wimpy House in the Earls Court Road. Suddenly one of them noticed a small sign high on the wall. They promptly picked up their belongings and fled.

What they had done was commit the unpardonable—and incurable—sin of all, being female. They had no male company. And why had they not tolerated such indecent behaviour on their premises after midnight?

"Unaccompanied women" will not be served.—Evening Standard

PETNOTE gives you the secrets of an attractive and happily bustling, for a figure that men admire. If women all over the world have developed this greatest of feminine charms, then why not you?—Advertisement in Vanity Fair.

IT'S TEMPTING to leave the household chores to the girls. Sometimes we do. Certainly they do a good job of looking after us.—Barry Alexander on his four boys—two girls' harmony group living together, quoted in TV Times.

LOOK! AGAIN ON PAGE 33

Lesley Garner

Free motif with any of our fantastic range of jeans!



Lothars now only £8.95

Male now only £5.25

Landlubber now only £4.75

American Jeans now only £4

Lothars are the sensationally successful French jeans, and are exclusive to Escalade. Hand-painted sneakers: £2.75

Male jeans are becoming a cult in the States and its easy to see why.

Landlubbers are the No. 1 jeans in the States. Great cut classic style.

American jeans are very hard wearing tough denim and are surprisingly good value. Hand-painted clogs: £6.80

As you can see we've got a really great selection of jeans at really great prices. And with every pair we're giving away a free embroidered motif.

And as usual with hot fashion items like the hand-painted sneakers, we've already got them.

You can come along to Escalade and get them, or simply fill in the coupon, and we'll post them to you.

escalade

To: Escalade Ltd., Dept GF, 187/191 Brompton Road, London S.W.3.

Lothars

Please send me _____ pair(s) Lothars jeans at £8.95 each. In yellow/pink/blue/white/salmon* (state second choice) _____ size _____ (from 22"-34" graduating in inches).

Male

Please send me _____ pair(s) male jeans at £5.25 each. In navy blue/brown/maroon/pink/beige* (state second choice) _____ size _____ (from 22"-36", leg length short/medium/long).

Landlubber

Please send me _____ pair(s) Landlubber jeans at £4.75 each. In green/black/beige* (state second choice) _____ size _____ (from 22"-36", leg length short/medium/long).

American Jeans

Please send me _____ pair(s) American jeans at £4 each. In dark blue/light blue/white/grey* (state second choice) _____ size _____ (from 22"-36", leg length short/medium/long).

Motifs

Please send me a free butterfly/toucan/apple/hand motif* (state second choice) _____ all motifs are available separately large butterfly black or white 45p, toucan 35p, apple 25p, black or white hand 20p. 2 small butterflies 20p.

I enclose a cheque/P.O. for £ _____ p.

Make cheques payable to Escalade Ltd. Please enclose 15p p & p for each item *delete as necessary; allow 14 days for delivery. Money refunded if not completely satisfied.

Name

Address

This offer applies for 3 weeks only.

Experience a little Swedish night life.



Now you can be as abandoned in bed as they are in Sweden.

Under a Slumberdown continental quilt there are no more heavy blankets to weigh you down. No more fighting the bedclothes trying to relax.

Instead there's all the soft, seductive warmth of natural down and feather snuggling you gently to sleep.

And in the morning, there's another dream to wake up to—no more tiresome bedmaking.

All you do is puff up the pillow, smooth out the bottom sheet and swish up the Slumberdown. And that's it. All over in 18 seconds.

Try one. It's the new experience in bed.

SLUMBERDOWN

Surrender to its warm embrace

14 nights FREE trial

I'd like to try a Slumberdown. Please send me FREE colour brochure with details of sizes, prices and pretty coverslips—and how to get my two-week FREE TRIAL.

NAME

ADDRESS

COUNTY

To Send Direct Ltd., Department 521, 8, Alva Street, Edinburgh E2 4PL. Tel: 031-228 8841.

IN MY FASHION

SETTING THE FASHION

by Ernestine Carter



THIS WEEK building starts on the setting for the exhibition, *Fashion: An Anthology* by Cecil Beaton at the Victoria & Albert Museum.

There are several reasons why so much interest is focused on this exhibition. One is Beaton's magic name. Another is the Museum's growing reputation, under the adventurous direction of Mr John Pope-Hennessy, for dramatic installations. But the most important is that this exhibition constitutes, at long last, an official recognition of Fashion.

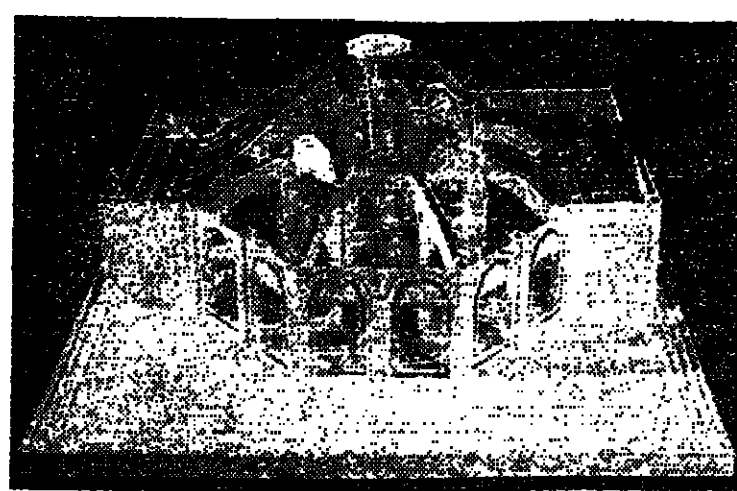
The setting has been designed by Michael Haynes. Mr Haynes, a very tall, thin, first swam into our view when he was designing the Jaeger windows, his first full-time job after leaving the Victoria & Albert Museum. In his ten years at the Regent Street shop he won for Jaeger the Regent Street (five times) and Daily Telegraph (three times) Window Display awards, as well as the Royal Society of Arts' Presidential Medal for Design Management.

He left Jaeger last year and almost at once was working on the exhibition "L'Idée et la Forme" at the Louvre in April. Mr Haynes was in charge of the fashion section. It was a natural progression that he should have been selected to install the exhibition at the V & A.

The problems facing him there are of a vastly different proportion to those at the Louvre. At the latter he had only 2 garments to display. At the V & A there will be 275, which, with 47 hats, 50 pairs of shoes, jewellery and other accessories, bring the total items catalogued to 33.

The site is the Recent Receptions Room, and within it Mr Haynes is erecting an octagon in Perspex, tent-roofed in strips of silver plastic. The central area of the octagon is two stories high which provides double display area—every inch of which will be needed as the exhibits pour into the bleak, airless side-rooms of the Museum which act as warehouses.

Mr Haynes chose Perspex because he has been creating pictures in this medium. Large in scale, dazzling in colour, with their counterpointing of right



Model for the setting designed by Michael Haynes for "Fashion: An Anthology" by Cecil Beaton opening at the Victoria and Albert Museum on October 13.



MICHAEL HAYNES

angles, squares and straight lines, they are like luminous versions of Louise Nevelson's walls.

Within the 14 bays, roughly eight by seven foot each, Mr Haynes has devised different backgrounds to express the character of the clothes. For Schiaparelli, he has chosen a Dalí-esque landscape of desert and sky. For the jazzy 20s, he has asked Anthony Redmile for metal palm trees and ostrich eggs mounted on amethyst. For the romantic 30s, Mr Haynes has done a pastiche of the light-suffused, flower and tulip backgrounds of Mr Beaton's own photographs of that period.

For "Space Age" designers the decor is transparent Perspex. For the Dior clothes, Dior are re-creating a Dior Salon in miniature. Mainbocher's sequinned evening dresses, are swagged into a glittering cascade. Balenciaga's magnificent cape

will be posed in front of a huge blow-up of a black-and-white photograph of Gaudí's famous church in Barcelona, the Sagrada Família.

For the Royal section, in which will be shown dresses given by the Queen Mother (Norman Hartnell), the Queen (Hardy Amies), Princess Anne (Susan Small), the Duchess of Kent (her wedding dress by John Cavanagh) and Princess Alexandra (Mary Donnan), Michael Szell has reproduced on white velvet the fabric he wove for the Investiture of the Prince of Wales.

Bowing to the influence of boutique fashions, one bay will be divided between Mr Freedom and Biba, each providing their own strongly favoured backgrounds.

Each designer's exhibits will have its aura of scent—"I think they should reek with perfume, like their Salons," says Mr Haynes. And to tease the ears as well as the nose, there will be music.

This is only a tiny scratch on the surface of the Perspex. But it gives an idea of how Mr Haynes is solving the problem of dramatising what could look like bargain day at Nieman-Marcus.

For the exhibition, it must be remembered, is not a definitive exhibition of fashion; it is, as it is called, "an Anthology," a personal assemblage of clothes from people whose taste Mr Beaton admires. Inevitably some designers are over-represented, others omitted. This means that the usual approaches to arranging such an exhibition (chronologically, or by designers or by countries) were out. Mr Haynes has sensibly plumped for drama.



Photograph by Barry Lategan

A PREVIEW OF ONE OF THE GREATEST COATS IN PARIS

from the Christian Dior-London collection which will be shown on Tuesday. Tent coat in black and white double wool treed reversed to red, the fitted top flaring from a diagonal seam front and back. The close-fitting black velvet quilted hat, £16, the silver edged black earrings which match the coat buttons, £12.80, and the Diormiss tights, 50p, are all from Christian Dior-London, 9 Conduit Street. The black patent shoes, £15.95, are from Kurt Geiger, 99 New Bond Street; the black patent bag, gold chained, £87, from Gucci, 172 New Bond Street.

MAGGIE NORTON says her clothes "are built with love." Not sentimental love but the love that a craftsman feels for his artefacts. Mrs Norton, her pale young face framed in Alice-in-Wonderland hair, her voice low and hurrying, breathes conviction. For her, "designing has been a slow progression," from a beginning as a cubist painter, on to collages, then murals and wall coverings. Shape was the thing that fascinated her and when she found she couldn't do sculpture, she turned to clothes.

Clothes, she believes, as she says "passionately," are as interesting and satisfying an art medium as any. Certainly in her hands they are. Another great interest is the theatre and during the 12 years she lived in Canada (while she was married to a Canadian) she became involved with two repertory theatres. "I've been called," she says, "an incorrigible theatrical romanticist. It's true. All my dreams are Traviatas."

Back in England, she settled in Cambridge where about a year ago she opened a shop at 94 Milton Road which she called King's Parade, "because when you think of Cambridge, you think of King's Parade."

SKIRTS WITH A DIFFERENCE BY MAGGIE NORTON

Left, on fine black cotton rep, squares of green Victorian guipure lace frame yellow boules of patchwork flowers, each flower button-hole stitched in purple; belted in black mock wet croc backed in violet felt, £24. Black ribbed sleeveless polo necked sweater, £10.95. Centre, multi-coloured crocheted squares outlined in white crocheted open up to large purple silk buttons, £40. Brown ribbed polo necked sweater with matching long-johns, £20.50. Black suede wedge-heeled ankle-strapped sandals, £14. Right, squares of different textured and patterned jerseys in red, green, pink, and blue, each banded in white cotton braid, some centred with puffy crocheted flowers, their leaves and stalks of green felt; pale blue waistband, trimmed in white braid, centred with two crocheted flowers, £40.

Maggie Norton skirts at Lucienne Phillips, 69 Knightsbridge, SW1. Sweaters, long-johns and sandals at Saint Laurent Rive Gauche, 113 New Bond Street, W1. Drawings by Christian Benais

She picked Cambridge because East Anglia is rich in crafts. "It was all just waiting for me." In the fifties, Mrs Norton, born a MacNeill, had worked in Scotland helping to revive the home industries of the Highlands. Now, she says, she wants to prove that British craftsmen are "very much alive and kicking (even though most of mine are in their seventies) and that an ancient British cottage craft can be interpreted into something sophisticated."

This is what Sybil Connolly did for the Irish home industries in the fifties, transforming Irish lace, Irish linen and balm into fashion. It is time someone started to do this here.

The voluntary organisations

which exist to promote home industries are strong on good will but often weak on design leadership, lacking in fashion guidance.

Mrs Norton sees what she does as "a fight against greyness in the world." But her joyously coloured, intricately worked designs are more than that. They have the direct simplicity and beguiling charm of folk art, paintings on glass, patchwork quilts, stencilled floors, and yet they are of today.

You can find some of Mrs Norton's clothes at Lucienne Phillips in London, at Teresa Ryan in Chester, at La Boutique in Wirral, Cheshire, at Narcissa in New York, and, of course, at King's Parade.

Grace Macdonald shows style 23 in cash woolled lambskin, £43.

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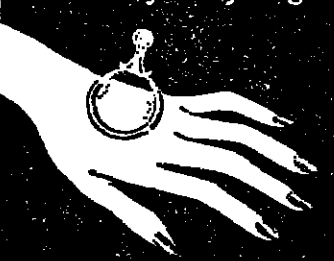
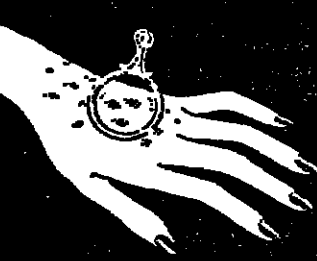
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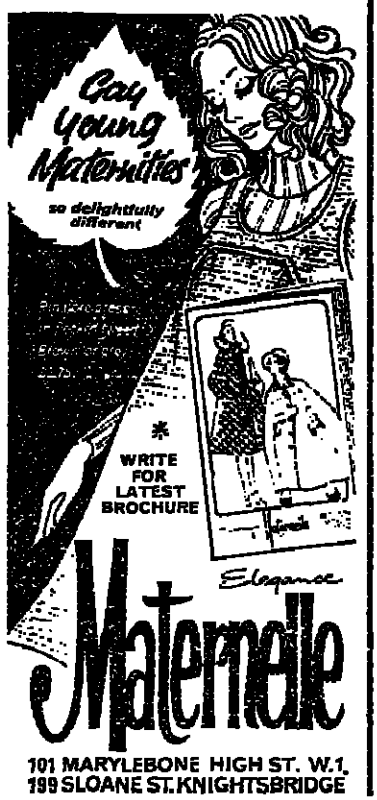
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Children's shoes: a fitting case for care

LOOK!

ARE YOU SURE your child is wearing the right shoes? Many are not, and some of them will be crippled in old age because of it.

Repeatedly, surveys of children's feet have shown how big the problem is. In one survey, in Somerset, it was found that six out of ten children had shoes too short—some by as much as five half-sizes, even in brand-new shoes. One in eight had stretch socks or shrunken socks doing as much damage as short shoes. One in ten had shoes too long; one in 20 were young girls wearing wildly unsuitable styles.

If an adult wears shoes that don't fit, he feels it. Not so a child. Bones don't knit until the age of 18 or so, and until then soft, growing, cartilage joints are under pressure, giving no pain until the foot sets in misshapen form. Children can wear shoes an inch short before complaining.

Why are so many children wearing shoes likely to do such injury? The chain of responsibility goes like this: Manufacturers fail to make shoes that can fit a variety of feet. Only three companies (Clarks, Start-rite, Norvic) provide a choice of four widths in every size and half-size, yet two-thirds of children need non-average widths. Many companies don't make half-sizes.

Retailers often refuse to stock all sizes and widths, and will not send staff to be trained in fitting children. Some refuse to fit shoes on Saturdays and during sales.

Schools don't usually include shoes in their uniform regulations, and some permit even plimsolls to be worn all day.

Mothers fail to check regularly whether shoes are outgrown, shop for shoes without taking the children to be fitted (mail-order buying is on the increase) and pass on misshapen shoes from an older child to a younger.

Children clamour for casuals or for adult styles, and refuse outright to wear laced or bar shoes.

The Scouts Association has (in return for a royalty on sales) allowed its name to be associated with a range of shoes made by Bata that has no choice of widths. It sells them itself by mail order. Can nothing be done? Local authorities' chiropodists are well placed to influence schools and, through them, children and parents. When Camden's chief chiropodist surveyed feet at a middle-class primary school, he was startled to find 25 per cent

of the children already had foot defects and 73 per cent were wearing shoes too short.

Camden is organising a parent-teacher meeting at the school at which the Society of Shoe Fitters will demonstrate the essentials of good fitting; teachers are getting project kits telling the foot health story; and the children themselves will receive drawing books specially prepared to drive the message home.

Few authorities attempt anything like this; and only one (Stirling) has a School Foot Health Service comparable with the School Dental Service.

Yet children's feet need checking even more regularly than their teeth. Feet grow in fits and starts; so the length of children's shoes should be checked every three months (re-pairs may have a shortening effect, too). To see if shoes are much too short, have the child stand (in his thickest socks) on a strip of cardboard or stiff paper

for sign on shop, badge on assistant, or certificate with his name on the wall. This guarantees skilled fitting, but not necessarily a wide choice of shoes. The Society requires completion of a nine-day course and the passing of an exam. It has 200 members.

Clarks: About 1,500 shops display a sign, indicating that they stock at least 600 pairs of Clarks shoes in a choice of widths, and have one or more assistants who have completed a two-day course (these are identified by badges).

Start-rite: About 700 shops carry their sign on similar conditions to Clarks, but the Start-rite training course lasts three days. Badges and certificates displayed on walls identify trained fitters.

Norvic: 48 shops will soon be carrying their new sign. It means a stock of at least 575 pairs covering several widths, and staff who have had a three-day course in fitting, with badges and certificates to identify them.

But even when manufacturer, retailer and Mum are all organised to do their best for little Fiona's feet, one person may still foul it all up: Fiona.

Harry Fisher, doyen of all children's shoe-fitters (the even insists on fitting socks at his Children's Shoe Centre in Hampstead Garden Suburb) says: "I'm appalled how little parents will stand up to their children today. They even ask three-year-olds which shoes they'd like, and I've had a child here who actually hit her grandmother for trying to get her into sensible shoes."

"One little girl asserted, 'They'd be much more comfortable if they were red.'"

To help parents, The Sunday Times has assembled an information pack available to readers who send an envelope at least 10in by 7in with a 7p stamp and clearly marked with their own address. These should be sent within 14 days to Children's Shoes, Sunday Times, 12 Coler Street, WC99 9YT. The packet includes authoritative independent material; catalogues of shoes available in a full range of sizes and widths; and lists of retailers with trained fitters.

INSIGHT
Consumer Unit

half an inch wide. Measure out a piece as long as the foot from heel to longest toe, cut it out and insert it in the shoe, pushing it up to the toe. There should be quarter of an inch of extra space in the shoe. Don't use this method with pointed shoes.

But even shoes long and wide enough may still be a bad fit. An inadequate hold round the instep or the ankle can cause the foot to slither about, pressing the toes against the shoe as cruelly as if it were too short.

This is where skilled shoe-fitting comes in—or should. But of the tens of thousands of shoe-shop assistants in this country, fewer than one in 30 is fully trained.

To locate shops with a trained fitter, one can look out for various window signs, certificates on the walls or badges on staff, though what they signify is variable.

Society of Shoe Fitters: Look



Owen Cunningham: a lifetime opening oysters

An expensive little fellow

WHILE the price of butter and Picasso paintings and boot-laces (Daddy, what are boot-laces?) has been escalating, even more extravagant demands have been made on the nation's oyster-eating classes. The season started last Wednesday and we found ourselves pushing 50 bob across the bar for a dozen of the best.

There was a time when "oysters were as common with the working classes as the beef tea handed out by the lady of the manor." An English writer touring England about 1850 in the wake of the famine observed that "the natives complain that they have to make do on oysters from the coasts, which are abundant."

In 1871 the best oyster a London restaurant could serve cost 1s 6d a dozen.

By 1900 they were 2s. By 1914 they were 3s and by the time the war was over they were, goddamit, 4s.

Just before the last war you paid 15s, perhaps a bit more, and the real boom came after the war when the swells were trying to recapture, in a time of austerity, glimpses of the old gracious liv-

ing, which is why we've come to this pass, 50 bob a dozen.

People like Owen Cunningham and Bernard Walsh, of Wheeler's and the Bentley brothers, the kings of the trade, aren't selling the strange little fellow as they used to, chiefly because their customers these days tend to eat a dozen and move on to another course. When Cunningham started as a boy he opened them at the rate of 300 or 400 an hour, and the gents didn't specify how many they were going to put back: "Just keep on opening them till I tell you to stop," was the order.

The young Cunningham himself used to consume as many as a hundred a day, in between opening them ("Just to taste," he says) so perhaps that's where he got his swagger manner.

Another thing that's gone: the oyster cocktail, which was a dozen laced with Worcestershire sauce—a pick-up for the businessman on the way to the office with a lot of work and a hangover.

There was also a time when the glass of Guinness was thrown in free. Perhaps they should bring it back. **Allan Hall**

A progress of wines

THE FIFTH INSTANT CELLAR fulfils all the prerequisites: it contains an aperitif or anytime wine, an all-through-the-meal or first-course wine, a wine that will get better if you keep it and a wine that's delicious drinking now and worthy of any dinner party. It also so happens that all four of the current selection could be served in succession for a special occasion.

The planning of a progression of wines is always difficult. If you start with something magnificent, there may be a disappointment later. Should you serve a medium-sweet aperitif, then a bone-dry wine immediately after can taste horrid. If your pre-dinner drinks are spirit-based cocktails, then anything too delicate with the first course is lost upon the taste buds and, if, for a dinner, you have six or eight people around the table, should you have two wines or merely one bottle?

As a bottle yields merely six to eight glasses (your glasses are too small if you get more), and as there is nothing more harassing than the prospect of supplies running out, I'd have thought two bottles per dinner a minimum. (After all, you can always drink up the remainder the following day or while doing the washing up.)

The cellar gives you a case of 12 bottles:

Three bottles of Asti Martini, which I consider to be an excellent example of Italy's great sparkling wine "rappety" easy to like, the fruitiness of the Moscato grape welcome when one is tired or jaded—and a wine for ices, fruit or even pudding if you haven't served it as the aperitif.

Three bottles of white Anjou, Clos de Cimonelle. This is another fruity wine but with a



dry finish, useful for anytime drinking. You could serve it with first courses after the Asti or all through a buffet or simple meal. Three bottles of a bourgeois claret, Chateau Roussele 1967, from the Cotes de Bourg. If you can keep this it will get even better. As it is, this is the kind of "little" claret that shrewd wine merchants know how to buy at which the British can still afford to drink, even while the price of classed growths soars. It is very much a luncheon or supper wine, or as the first claret at an important dinner.

Three bottles of Chateau Beycheville 1965, chateau-bottled. This wine is from one of the great classed growths of the Medoc, and a claret that enjoys huge popularity in Britain. But it is also from a year in which the bad weather washed out the wines of many of the great estates. Beycheville are adroit at making wine, however, and this is an admirable example of a wine that can give great pleasure for drinking now.

The "off vintages" of the great properties are always fascinating to those who know wine and this would be delicious for an important luncheon, or as the second red wine—the rather delicate aristocrat—after the sturdy character of the Roussele.

These wines would cost you about £13.15 if you bought them in the ordinary way, but for Instant Cellar No 5 they are available, delivered free of charge in the UK, for £11.10.

To order, send a remittance (this must accompany the order) for £11.10 to Stovells of Chelsea, Lower Tuffley, Gloucester. You can ask for a list to accompany your order, but, as these Instant Cellars are specially arranged for The Sunday Times, changes in the wines cannot be made. It is regretted that the merchants cannot enter into correspondence about the wines (but with each case there is a detailed set of tasting notes by myself).

Because of the numbers of those who order, the Instant Cellars may take longer to reach readers than they—and the supplier—would wish, but despatch of the cases is arranged as rapidly as possible.

Pamela Vandyke Price

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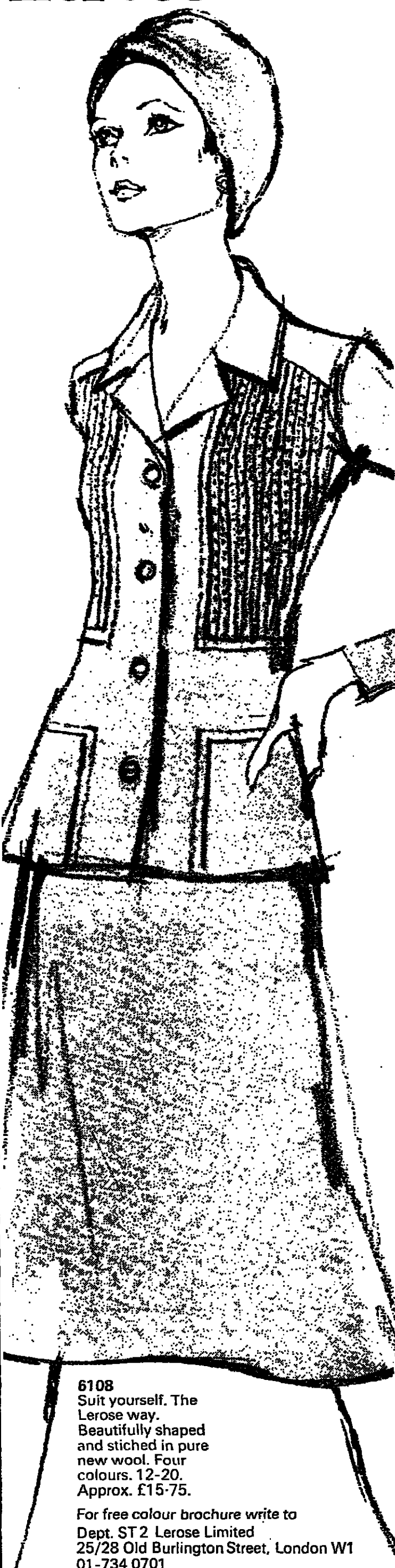
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LOOK!

The expanding home

IT HAPPENS to most of us at some time. There we are, happily settled in our neighbourhood, the kids all at school, we're allowed tick at the grocer's and the butcher knows just how thin we like our escalopes—but the house no longer seems big enough.

Moving is expensive, exhausting and disruptive. The only other solution is to expand the house.

The ideal answer is an architect-designed, tailor-made conversion and extension. Every body's house is an individual problem, and this kind of expert professional help can be expensive.

Once you know what sort of extension you are aiming at you will be able to approach either an architect or a surveyor or one

of the firms selling home extensions that you can erect yourself. Remember that the local by-laws are fraught with pitfalls for the ignorant. For any development of land you will need planning permission. Then there are health regulations, fire precautions and other by-laws, all of which need to be complied with.

The best way round these complexities is to use an architect but those who are confident can use a building surveyor (the Millers did) to do the drawings and submit applications.

As a further guide Which? have recently published a booklet called “Extending Your House” (£1 from Consumers' Association, 14 Buckingham Street, London, WC2).

If a pre-packaged home extension is what you want (and it certainly works out considerably cheaper than an individually



designed one) you should start by getting leaflets from as many firms as you can. Most of the good firms have clear and informative leaflets, raising all the points you had ever worried about and some you hadn't. Almost every firm offers a different range of window sizes, door sizes, different finishes and roof heights.

If you don't think you can build the extension yourself remember that professional help can cost almost two-thirds of the purchase price.

Here is a list of a few of the firms specialising in pre-packaged home extensions: Compton Associates, Fenny Compton, Learnington Spar, Warwickshire; Marley Buildings Ltd, Pinehurst Avenue, Farnborough, Hants; Robert Hall & Co, Church Road, Paddock Wood, Kent.

Lucia van der Post

When Stephenie and Russell Miller bought a small clapboard cottage (above, left) near Tenterden, in Kent, they knew it wouldn't be big enough for their growing family. The cottage had six rooms, all of them tiny (“the sitting room was just a cube”) and the whole of the ground floor



measured only 24ft by 35ft. For two years they lived in it as it was until they were able to think of extending it. Stephenie, who is an interior designer, drew up her own ideas to give them more space. They found a local builder and a surveyor who did formal drawings and sought planning permission.

The extension virtually added another house of the same shape in such a way that the roof abutted, and therefore gives them almost double the space. It blends in with the original house to the infinite care the Millers

took to make sure it did so. The original cottage had a peg-tiled roof, the tiles having a slightly mossy growth beside which new tiles would look terribly obvious. Their builder found old slate tiles for them which he used to roof the extension.

They now have a large kitchen/dining room (formed partly from the old sitting room), a large sitting room (provided by the extension itself), and upstairs there is an A-shaped bedroom (above, right) and two other bedrooms. The extension (but not the internal conversion of the old cottage) cost about £2,000.

GARDENING

JOBS FOR SEPTEMBER

Roses

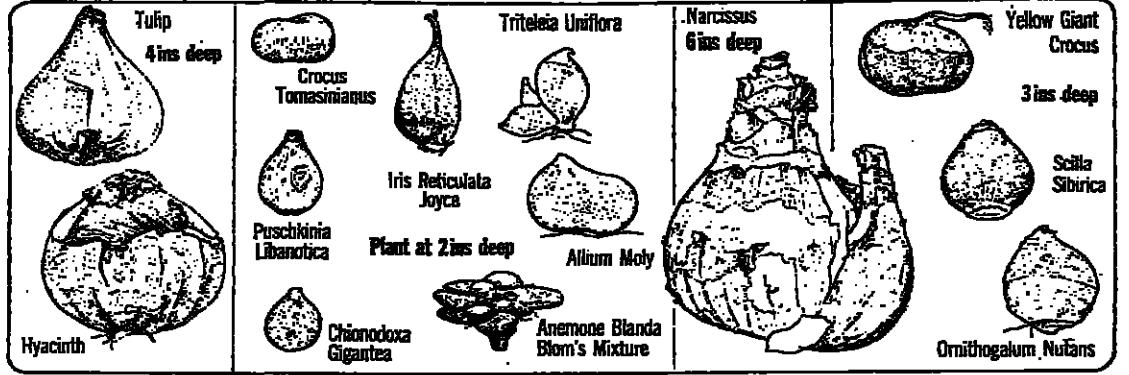
ROSES are at their best. Continue to spray against mildew and black spot if there is need. Deadhead regularly but do not feed as this will encourage late soft growth, vulnerable to frost. Cut out spent wood of ramblers and tie in new growths. Train the shoots horizontally and diagonally in a fan to encourage multiple flowering shoots. Thin and tie in other climbers. Check all roses for suckers, tearing them out and not cutting them out at ground level.

Herbaceous

REMOVE spent flowering stems of daylilies, delphiniums and hollyhocks. Thin the lush growth if it is smothering shrubs and smaller plants. Divide irises, hemerocallis, kniphofias, agapanthus and hardy arums so that they have time to establish and grow before winter. The second half of September and early October is the best time to adjust or replant borders. Certain plants such as gilliflowers, pyrethrum, penstemons, scabious and Aster agerium are better left until spring if they cannot be divided and shifted early this month.

Vegetables

MAKE sowings now of spring lettuce in drills 1in deep and of winter spinach (1in deep). Earth up gradually around leeks and celery. Lift late varieties of



Spring bulbs for autumn planting, showing relative sizes. Figures indicate planting depths from bulb top to soil surface. Narcissus, tulip and hyacinth bulbs are not included in The Sunday Times offer.

potatoes. Transplant cabbages for spring use from the seed bed, setting them 18in apart in the row. Cut herbs including basil, mint, thyme, sage and savory for drying. Use old lettuce before they bolt for raising a soup or cook them with peas and chopped onion in the French way. Harvest onions at once.

Fruit

PICK plums, peaches, pears and early apples as they ripen. Do not pick late apples too soon as it impairs their keeping properties. See that autumn bearing raspberries are properly staked. Pick raspberries and strawberries regularly so that they do not mildew. Turn out the fruit store to make sure it is clean and well aired. In cold districts, lift tomato plants and store in an airy place where green fruits can ripen, or wrap the plants in paper and put in a dark warm place to ripen.

Bedding Plants

AS BEDS and borders become available prepare them for autumn planting. Wallflowers, myosotis,

polyanthus and Bellis perennis can be planted out as convenient. Later in the month lift and put under tender plants—such as heliotrope, canna, scented-leaved pelargoniums, geraniums, and tender fuchsias and place them indoors. Move in house plants and greenhouse plants that were plunged outside for the summer.

Propagation

TAKE cuttings of rambler roses, using ripened flowering shoots and line out in open ground. If you haven't already done so, make cuttings of pink, penstemons, hardy fuchsias and gazanias, using a rooting hormone.

Bulbs

PLANT prepared hyacinths, paper white narcissus, Roman hyacinths and precoloured daffodils in pots for forcing for Christmas. Plant patches of bulbs for later flowering and place in a dark place. Fuchsia corms should be started at once. Plant madonna lilies, crocuses, scillas, chionodoxas, bulbous irises, daffodils and hy-

acinths in beds and borders for naturalising. Tulips should not be planted before the first of October. See special offer of dwarf bulbs, right.

Lawns

NEW LAWN areas should be prepared for seeding as soon as possible. September is an ideal month. Turfing can be done at any time as long as it is kept well-watered. Selective weedkillers can be applied effectively as weeds are now growing vigorously with rain and cooler weather. Collect leaves as they fall and use for leaf-mould or compost.

Chrysanthemums

BRING pot-grown plants into the conservatory before the first frosts. Spray the undersides of the leaves with tepid water before housing, and give plenty of air.

Climbers, shrubs

CUT BACK wisterias, decorative vines and rampant honeysuckles. Spur back the new growth of chaeonaeles and forsythia against walls.

Laming Roper

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